

THE TATTLER

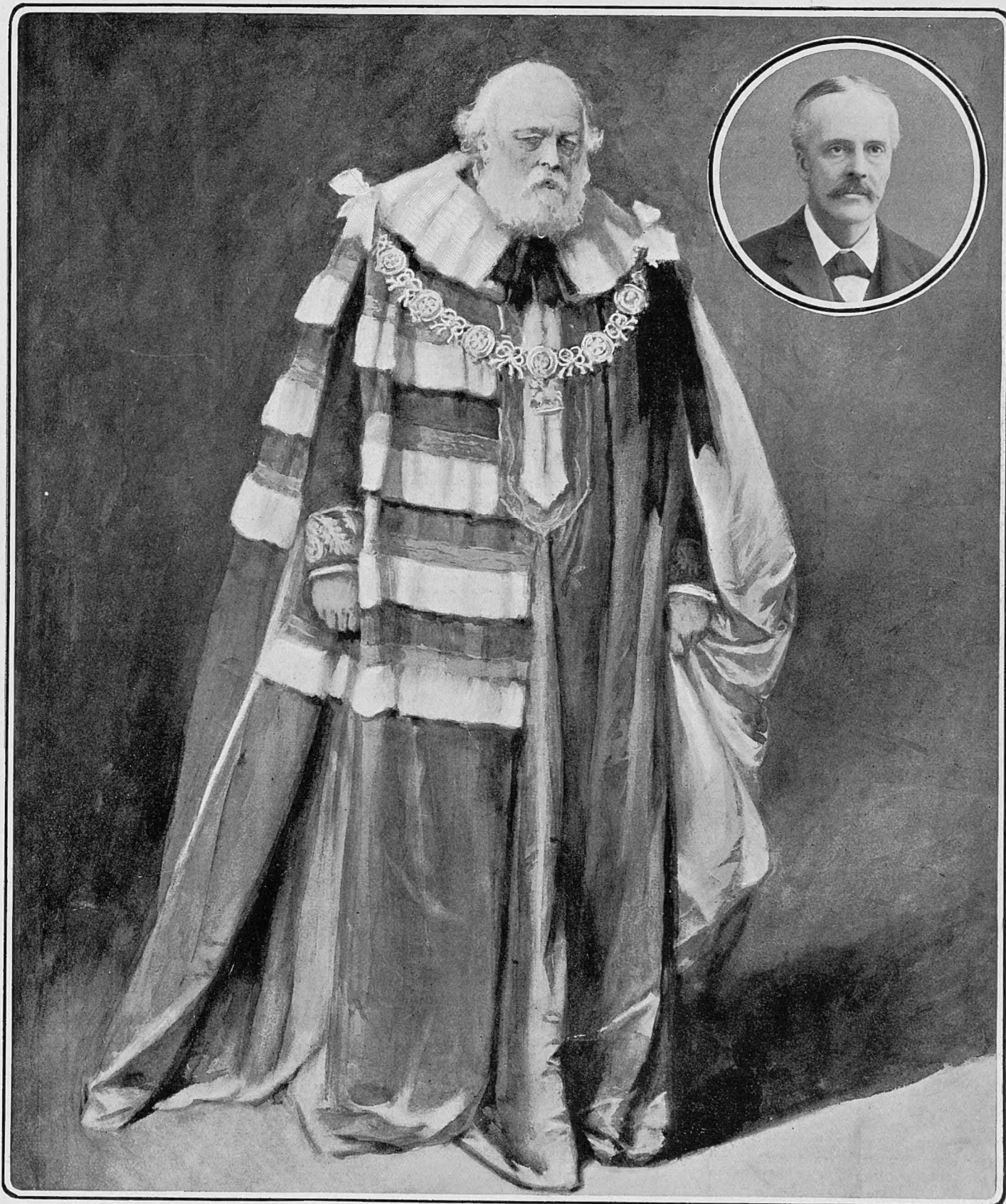
AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SOCIETY AND THE STAGE

Vol. V. No. 55.

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London, July 16, 1902.

Price Sixpence.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY AND HIS SUCCESSOR AS PRIME MINISTER

Lord Salisbury, who resigned the premiership last Saturday to his nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has been Prime Minister for thirteen years and eight months. His first experience was from June, 1885, to February, 1886; his second from August, 1886, to August, 1892; and his third from June, 1895, to Friday last. The photograph of Mr. Balfour is by the London Stereoscopic Company

The Tatler



London, July Sixteenth, 1902.

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES:

Great New Street, London, E.C.

Telegraphic Address, "Sphere, London."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

LITERARY MATTER.—The Editor will always be pleased to consider MSS. sent in by any contributor—whether professed journalist or not—provided they are of a nature suitable for THE TATLER. Intending contributors are PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED to read carefully the columns of THE TATLER before contributing. What the Editor requires are short, bright, personal paragraphs about living celebrities directly within the knowledge of the writer. New, true, and original anecdotes relating to men and women of the day are especially acceptable. Paragraphs compiled from biographical works are not invited. As regards short stories, these must be from 2,000 to 3,000 words in length and in keeping with the atmosphere of the pages of the paper in which they are intended to appear. All paragraphs and stories should be addressed to the Society Editor. Where a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed every effort will be made to return promptly unsuitable MSS. and photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The Editor is open to receive photographs of important current social events, of notable people, of interesting places, or of anything of an eccentric or uncommon nature likely to arouse interest. Full descriptive matter, together with the name and address of the sender, should always accompany such photographs. It must be distinctly understood that no one living in a country under the Berne Copyright Convention will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of THE TATLER for reproduction. All photographs used will be liberally paid for.

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THE RATE OF POSTAGE FOR THIS WEEK'S TATLER is as follows: Anywhere in the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies before forwarding.

WHAT TO SEE IN LONDON. THEATRES.

Apollo (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Three Little Maids*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Avenue (Northumberland Avenue)—*The Little French Milliner*, at 8.15. Preceded, at 8.15, by *Gentleman Jack*. Matinees on Wednesday, at 3.
Comedy (Panton Street, Haymarket)—*Lord of his House*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *Just a Man's Fancy*.
Covent Garden.—Royal Opera every evening.
Daly's (Leicester Square)—*A Country Girl*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Drury Lane—*Ben Hur*, at 8. Last matinee on Wednesday, July 16, at 2.
Duke of York's (St. Martin's Lane)—*The Gay Lord Quex*, at 8.30.
Gaiety (345, Strand, W.C.)—*The Toreador*, at 8.
Garrick (Charing Cross Road)—*La Veine*, at 8. On July 21, *Les Deux Ecoles*, at 8.
Her Majesty's (Haymarket)—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at 8.30. Matinee every Wednesday, at 2.15.
Lyceum (Wellington Street)—Sir Henry Irving's Company.
Lyric (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Mice and Men*, at 8.30. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.
Prince of Wales's (Coventry Street)—*A Country Mouse*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *A Bit of Old Chelsea*. Matinee on Wednesday at 3.
Royalty (Dean Street, Soho)—*Zaza*, at 8. Matinee on Wednesday, at 2.15.
Savoy (between 95 and 96 Strand, W.C.)—*Merric England*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.
Shaftesbury (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*There and Back*, at 9. Preceded at 8.15, by *Miss Bramshott's Engagement*.
Strand (168, Strand)—*A Chinese Honeymoon*, at 8. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.
Wyndham's (Charing Cross Road)—July 17, *Betsy*, at 9.

VARIOUS OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Hippodrome (Cranbourn Street, W.C.) at 2 and 7.45.
Maskelyne's (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), at 3 and 8.
Royal Aquarium (Westminster), open at 10 a.m.
Alhambra (Leicester Square, W.C.) "In Japan" and "Britannia's Realm."
Empire (Leicester Square), at 8. *Ballet*—"Our Crown."
Oxford (14, Oxford Street), at 7.25. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Palace (Cambridge Circus, W.C.), at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.
Pavilion (Piccadilly Circus), at 7.45. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Tivoli (65, Strand, W.C.), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.
Royal (Holborn), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15. Special Matinee every Tuesday and Thursday, at 2.30.

MAINLY DURING THE DAY.

Bethnal Green Museum (Cambridge Road, E.)—Free daily. On Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6: Sundays, 2 to 6.
British Museum (Bloomsbury, W.C.)—Free week-days, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.
Chancery Lane Safe Deposit—Free daily, 9 to 6.
Dulwich Picture Gallery—Free week-days, 10 to 6.
Geology Museum (28, Jernyn Street)—Free: Mondays and Saturdays, 10 to 10; other week-days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.
Greenwich Hospital Painted Hall open free daily, 10 to 6; on Sundays after 2. *Royal Naval Museum and Chapel*, free daily (except Sundays and Fridays), 10 to 6.
Guildhall Library—Free, 10 to 6. **Museum**—Free, 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 6.
Hampton Court Palace—Free, daily, 10 to dusk; except on Fridays.
Houses of Parliament (Westminster)—Open on Saturdays, 10 to 4 (no admission after 3.30); tickets gratis, at entrance.
Kensington Palace (the birthplace of Queen Victoria)—Free daily (except Wednesday) from 10 to 6. Sunday 2 to 6.
Kew Gardens (Richmond)—Free, daily, 10 till dusk; on Sundays, 1 p.m. till dusk.
Madame Tussaud's Waxwork (Marylebone Rd.)—10 to 10.
Military and Naval Museum (the old Banqueting Hall of Charles I., Whitehall)—Every week-day, 11 to 6; admission 6d.
Mint (Little Tower Hill)—Free admission, 10 to 4; Saturdays 10 to 11. By applying in writing to the Master of the Mint at least a week before visit.
National Gallery (Trafalgar Square, W.C.)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 6 (6d.). Open on Sundays, 2 to 5.
National Portrait Gallery (St. Martin's Place, W.C.)—Same conditions as the National Gallery.
Natural History Museum (South Kensington)—Open 10 to 6. On Saturdays and Mondays closes at 8.
Royal Botanic Gardens (Regent's Park)—Open daily, from 9 to sunset on a Member's order; Mondays and Saturdays, by payment of 1s. Other days by Fellow's order only.
Royal College of Surgeons (Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Visitors are admitted by orders from members or by application to the Secretary on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 10 to 4.
Soane Museum (13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Admission by ticket obtainable from the Curator.
St. Paul's Cathedral.—Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Tate Gallery (Millbank)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; 6d. on Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays, 2 to 6.
Tower of London.—Open daily (except Sundays), 10 to 6. Armouries and Crown Jewels, free on Mondays and Saturdays, other days 1s.
Victoria and Albert Museum (South Kensington)—The whole Museum is free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Saturdays, 10 to 10. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays open 10 to dusk. 6d. Admission to Main Building. Scientific and Indian Sections free. On Sunday the whole museum (except the libraries) is open free from 2 p.m. till 6.
Wallace Collection (Hertford House, Manchester Square)—Free on Mondays 12 to 6; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6. Sixpence admission on Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 6. Children under 8 not admitted, under 12 only with adults.
Westminster Abbey.—Closed until after the Coronation.
Zoological Gardens (Regent's Park, N.W.)—Every week-day, 9 a.m. to sunset, 1s. (on Mondays 6d.). On Sundays only by order from a Member.

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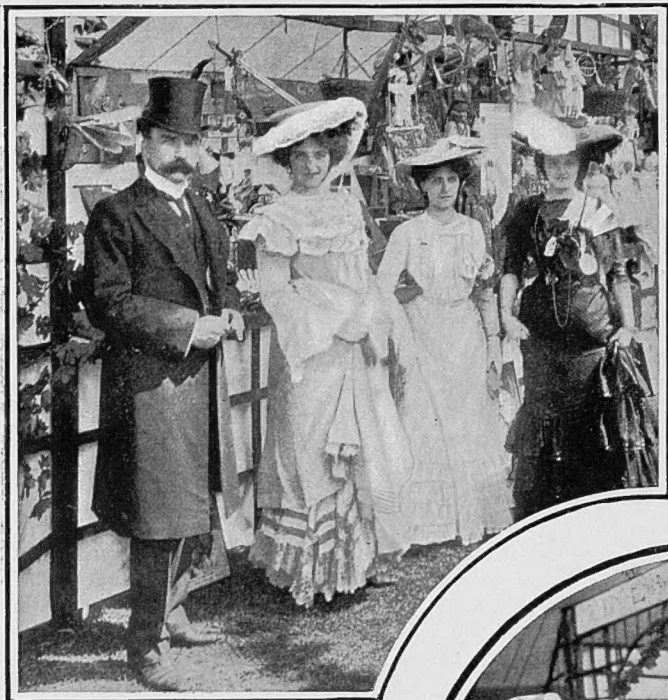
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SCENES IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS.



STAGELAND

Captain Basil Hood, Miss Agnes Fraser,
Miss Dyke, Miss Louie Pounds



THE FLOWER STALL

The figure at the extreme right is the
Duchess of Sutherland



A GROUP OF INDIAN VISITORS



A MISCELLANEOUS STALL—MRS. A. LUCAS AND MRS. ARBUTHNOT

The photograph in circle represents the arrival of the Queen accompanied by the Duke of Fife, Princess Charles of Denmark, and Princess Victoria



SOME OF THE NURSES FROM THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

The Man who Ended the War.—Londoners who were determined to give a hearty greeting to the man who ended the war got a slight shock early on Saturday morning when it was rumoured that owing to a case of small-pox on board the *Orotava* Lord Kitchener's arrival in London might be delayed. However, although the report that Major Gordon, one of the passengers, was suffering from small-pox unhappily proved to be true, Lord Kitchener made his progress through London just as arranged. Bronzed, well-knit, and muscular as ever, but looking if anything somewhat stouter than when he left these shores two and a half years ago, the great general, save for an occasional smile of appreciation, preserved the impassive, immobile look with which his photographs have familiarised us amid the shouts of the thousands that gathered to greet him all along the route from Paddington to St. James's Palace.

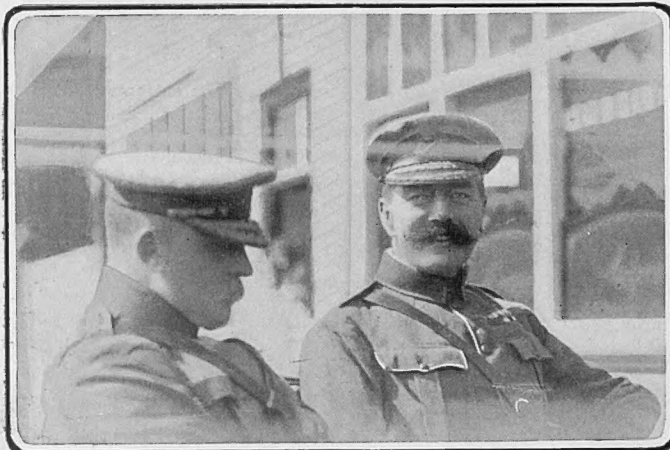
Youthful Blues at Lord's.—As a social function the Harrow and Eton match this year suffered from the counter attraction of the Coronation Bazaar. As a display of excellent cricket, however, it left nothing to be desired. Harrow, who won their third successive



THE HARROW AND ETON CRICKET MATCH
Mr. F. S. Jackson's luncheon party at Lord's

victory, were infinitely the better team. F. J. Hopley, a young giant of 6 ft. 2 in. or thereabouts, showed some of the most spirited cricket that has been seen in a public school match for many a long day. He made 74 in about forty minutes, to the huge delight of the youthful dark blues. Such tremendous hitting has not been seen in a Harrow and Eton match since H. E. Meek made 50 in about a quarter of an hour for the school on the hill in the middle of the seventies. Sandeman for Eton was probably the best bowler on either side, although G. MacLaren, a brother of A. C., and Carlisle were never easy to hit.

Deaf and Dumb Artists.—It is a curious fact that the monument to Rochambeau, which was unveiled at Washington at the end of May, is the work of a sculptor who is a deaf mute. M. Hamar, however, is not the only celebrated artist who finishes his work better than nature often finishes hers. Three other French sculptors of the present day are also deaf mutes, and more remarkable still was the sculptor of animals, Vidal, who died a few years ago much regretted by the many admirers of his work, for he was blind. Another sculptor, M. Contrevas, who exhibits in the old Salon, had to have his right arm amputated a few years ago. Most men would have given up a profession which obviously seems to require more than any other the use of both hands, but M. Contrevas taught himself to model with his left hand, and chisels the marble with the help of an instrument he can work with his foot.



LORD KITCHENER AND GENERAL FRENCH
Driving through the streets of Southampton

Cribb



LORD KITCHENER'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

The "Peacemaker" and General French in the mayor's carriage at Southampton

Cribb

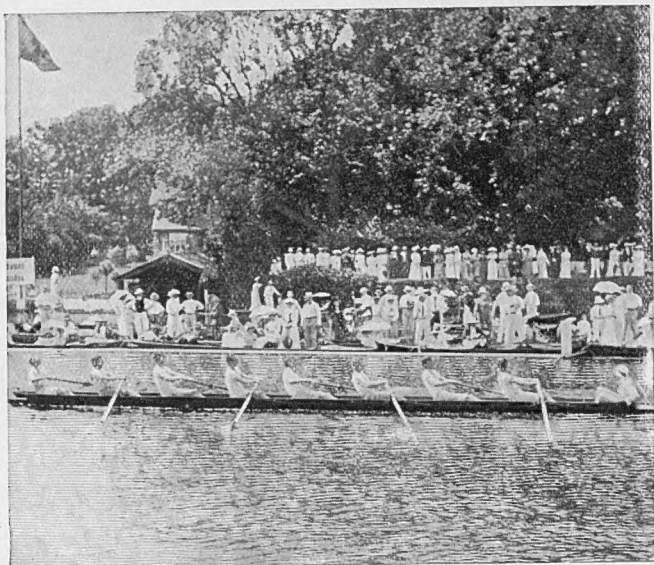
PENRHYN STANLAWS



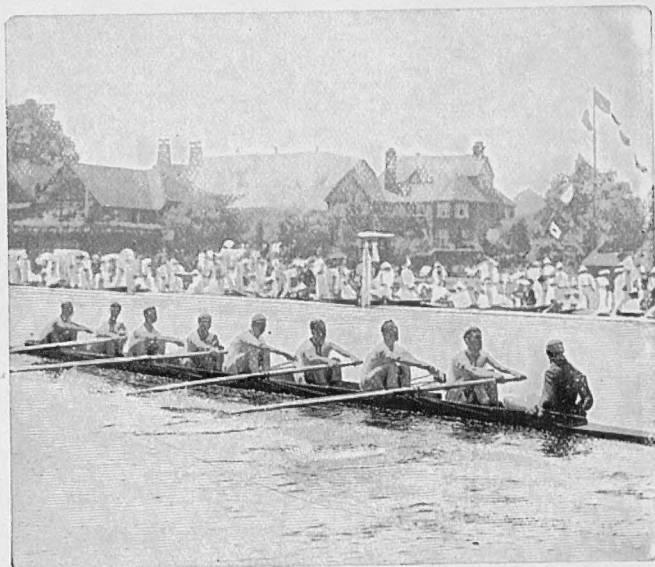
DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS

The Yachtsman: Most extraordinary hats the girls are wearing this year, aren't they?

HENLEY REGATTA—THE SPORTING SIDE.



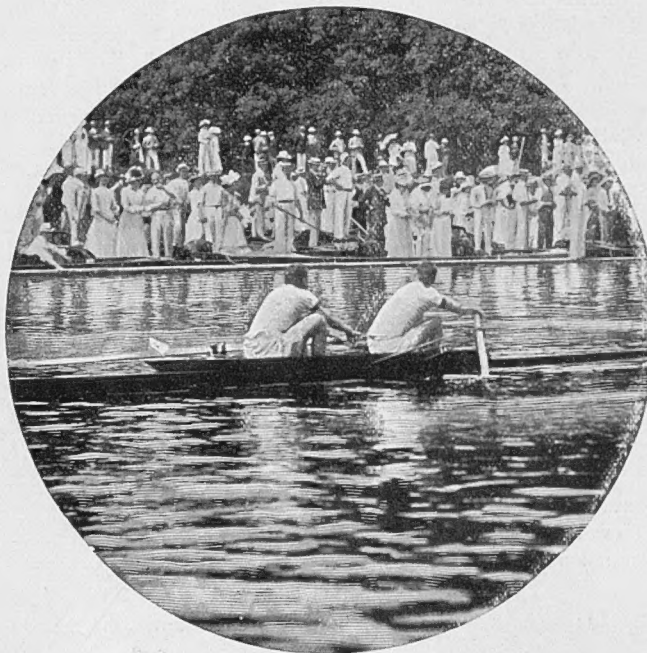
THE GRAND—THE THAMES R.C. WINNING THEIR FIRST HEAT



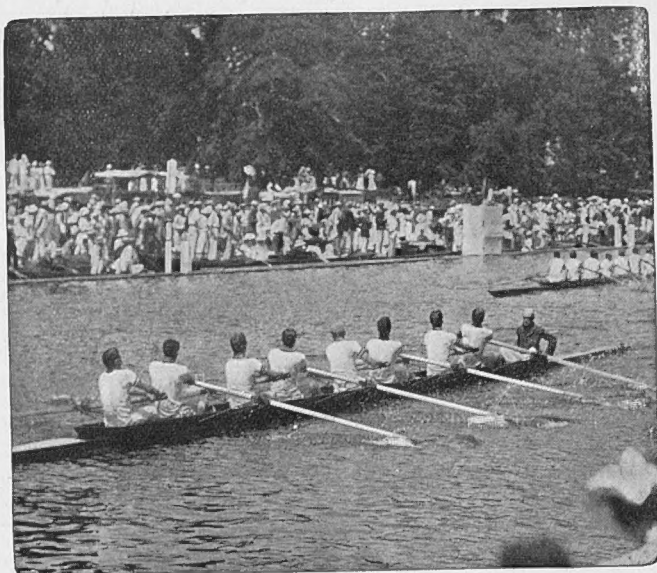
LEANDER WINS ITS FIRST HEAT IN THE GRAND



C. S. TITUS BEATS W. W. FIELD IN THE FOURTH HEAT FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS



THE SILVER GOBLETS—THE LONDON R.C. BEATING READING R.C. IN THE SECOND HEAT



LEANDER BEATING LONDON IN THE GRAND

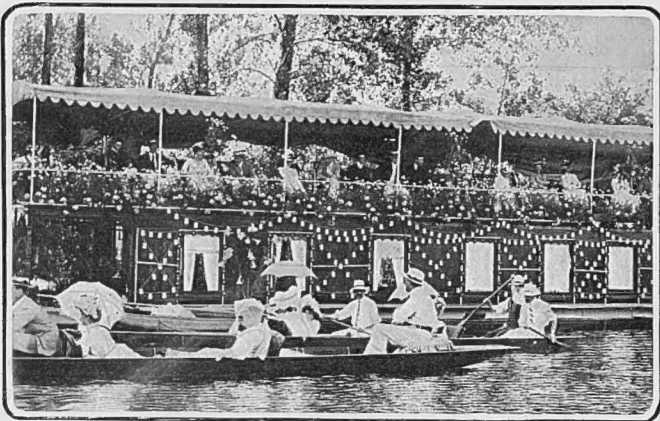


ARGONAUT R.C. WINNING FROM UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN THE GRAND

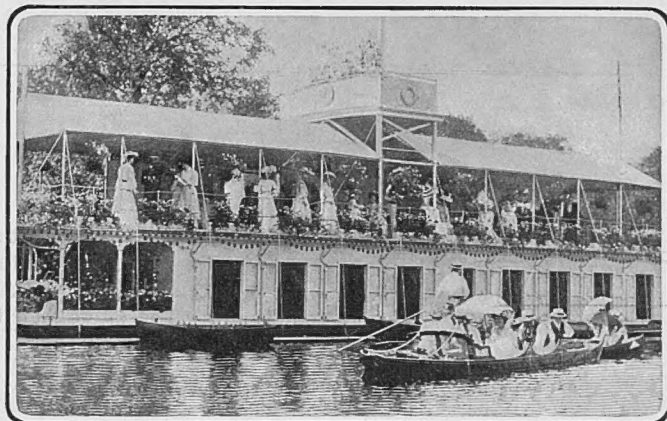


HENLEY REGATTA

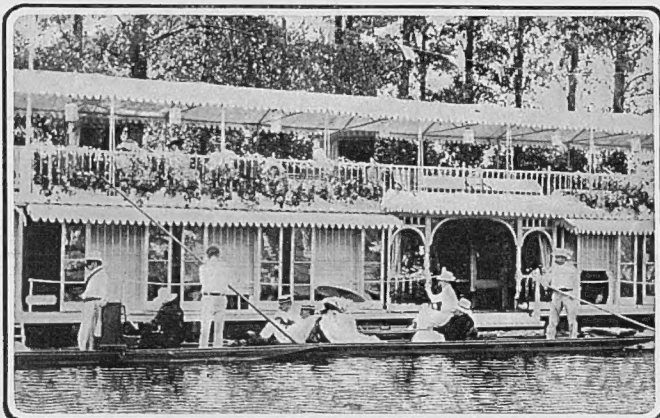
The Social Side.



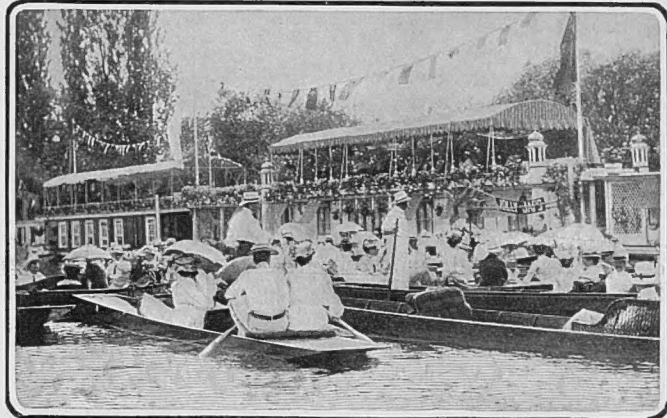
A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED HOUSEBOAT, "THE GLOWWORM"



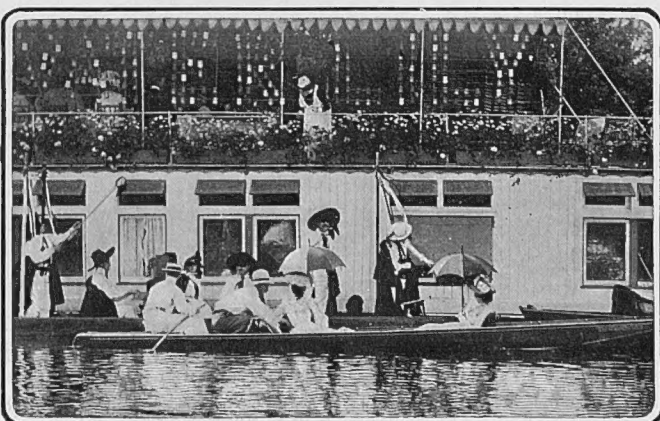
ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN HOUSEBOATS, "IBIS"



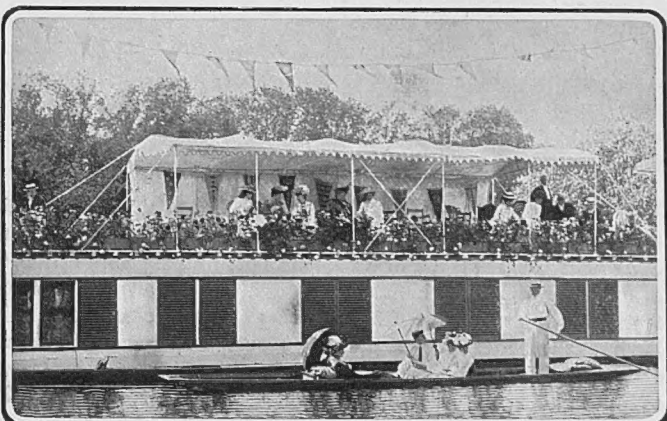
THE "KELPIE" HOUSEBOAT



LISTENING TO THE "JOLLY JAPS"



WANDERING MINSTRELS SERENADING A HOUSEBOAT



"THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH"



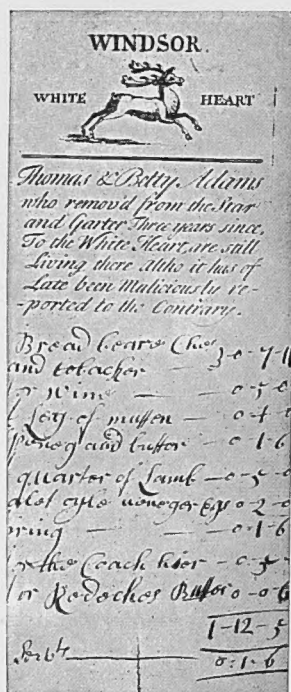
DRINKING THE KING'S HEALTH FROM A BUCKET

A scene at one of the King's dinners to the poor

Eclipse Meeting.—On Friday begins the great meeting of the year at Sandown Park which is generally known by the name of the principal event, the race for the Eclipse Stakes. This meeting may be compared to Ascot, for though there is no royal enclosure there is almost as much struggling for the pretty little enamel and brass brooches which admit ladies to the ladies' enclosure on the Eclipse day as there is for cards for the royal enclosure at Ascot. This day has for years invariably been marked by the attendance of the King, but this time his Majesty's health will not permit of it. On the other hand there is sure to be a very large attendance of society, and the chroniclers of frocks will have plenty to do.

A Queer Menu.—A quaint bill of fare is exhibited in the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, now largely frequented by river parties, dating from 1725, when the old White Hart was already a famous Thames-side hostelry. The printed heading of the bill contradicts the statement that the proprietor and his wife are dead, and the bill follows in proof that they were quite alive to their interests. The White Hart, which, by the way, stands opposite the main entrance to Windsor Castle, has recently undergone reconstruction, and is now a most comfortable and up-to-date establishment.

Prison Journals.—How to better the criminal class is a question that is always with us. In New York there is a journal called the *Star of Hope*, published by the inmates of the Sing Sing Prison, the editor being a prisoner himself. It appears to be an excellent idea for giving the criminal a chance during his confinement of turning his brains to better account than ingeniously devising safer methods of law-breaking. Of course there are obvious difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme, but if it has been successfully tried in New York there seems to be no reason why a prison journal should not be equally successful here.



A QUANT BILL OF FARE
Which can be seen at the White
Hart Hotel, Windsor

The King's Dinner.—The following notes on the King's dinner, to be taken with a grain of salt, are by Mr. Walter Emanuel, on the unreliability of whose news one may always rely :—

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

THE KING'S DINNERS.

It was interesting to note how the various neighbourhoods gave their impress to the poor. For instance, the poor of Belgravia at once understood that the knives and forks were to eat with. The poor in the East-end, on the other hand, looked at them in a puzzled way for a few moments and then pocketed them.

At a few centres there was no music, but in the Law Courts hall there were a dozen infants under twelve months of age.

The weather was so hot that one speaker in moving a vote of thanks referred to the munificent gift from Perspiers and Pond.

Some discontent has been aroused at other centres by a report that at the Guildhall "waiters in white shirt fronts served the King's guests with deference and celery." This last word, it now seems, was a misprint for "celerity."

And the *Daily Telegraph* was caught napping. Our dear old friend forgot to refer to his Majesty's subjects as his Majesty's "lieges." Never mind; next time, perhaps.

Among so many thousands of guests there were, of course, some grumblers. "Call this beef?" muttered one. "You must not look a gift horse in the mouth," said a helper.

But many pleasing incidents are recorded. For instance, a tiny ragged girl, hot but hopeful, sidled up to one of the carving benches at Olympia and presented a dinner ticket. "Mother cannot come, sir," she said appealingly. "Father is in hospital, and she has gone to see him." Willing hands at once loaded her arms with food for three, and a burly policeman cleared the way for her to the gates. It subsequently transpired that she was a poor little orphan.

It is reported that at one dinner a newly-made knight responded to the toast of "The King."

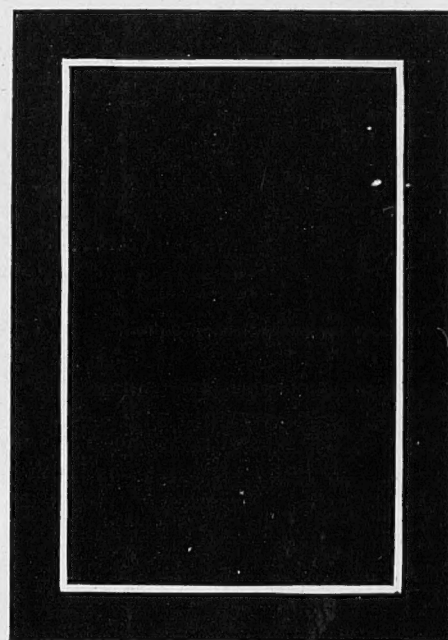
More coronation honours. Several tents were on the memorable Saturday raised to the rank of marquees.

As regards the souvenirs, the tin chocolate boxes were really gay and pretty. The mugs being fragile were, thoughtfully, of such a design that it would not matter if they were broken.

By the bye, people are still worrying about their coronation seats, and we have received the following letter on the subject :—

DEAR SIR,—Might I suggest that, seeing that Sir George Lewis has been made a coronation baronet, it would be a graceful and appropriate act if he were to take up all our cases for nothing.—
Yours, &c., ONE OF 15,000 SEATHOLDERS.

The Latest Nine Days' Wonder.—Hundreds of thousands of people have had their attention arrested during the last few days by a mysterious black patch amongst the usually bright colours which adorn the bill-posting hoardings. "The boy—what will he become?" is a question that has frequently been asked. This time the poster is the proposition. The public of London may possibly have cause to thank their fog-ridden atmosphere for a delay in satisfying their natural curiosity, but I have already detected in a comparatively sunny spot the development of the letters, N—STL—, and do not think I should be betraying any confidence when I say that it appears to be a novel idea perpetrated by an enterprising firm of advertisers in conjunction with some up-to-date successors to Caxton.



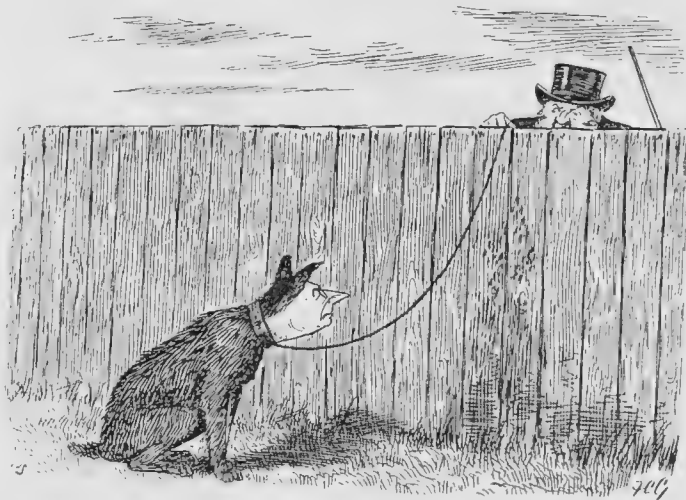
THE POSTER—WHAT WILL IT BECOME?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN CARICATURE

As seen by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould and Mr. G. R. Halkett.



HIS CHRISTMAS STOCKING—BY F. C. GOULD



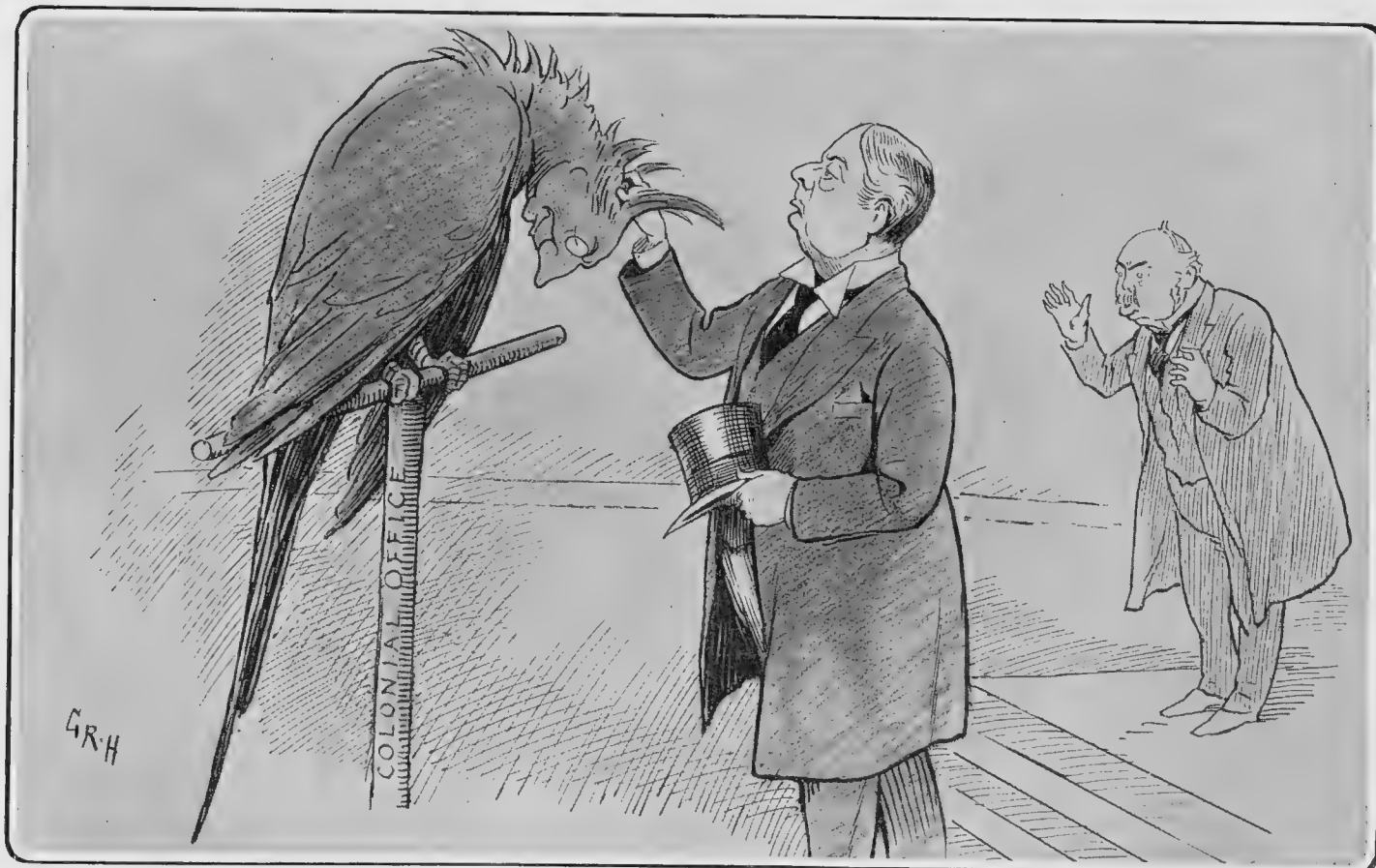
JOE—BY F. C. GOULD



OLD FRIENDS: A CORRECTION—BY G. R. HALKETT



PEACE: AN IDYLL—BY G. R. HALKETT



LORD ROSEBERY AND PRETTY POLL—BY G. R. HALKETT

Mr. Carruthers Gould's pictures are at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, and Mr. G. R. Halkett's at the Woodbury Gallery, New Bond Street

Lord Salisbury's Secretary.—Mr. Schomberg McDonnell, who has just been appointed secretary to the Commissioner of Works, for fourteen years acted as principal private secretary to Lord Salisbury. He is the fifth son of the late Lord Antrim and received his education at Eton and Oxford. In 1899 he accepted a commission in the C.I.V. and went to South Africa, returning to his duties at home in 1900. During all but three of the fourteen years Lord Salisbury has been in office as Prime Minister. The secretary to the office of works is brought into close contact with royalty, it being the duty of his department to look after the royal palaces.

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

Madam

I should like so much to go to the Queen's Convention tea that is being given. Dear Madam I am writing to say would you let me come as I have been in service 14 months as the lady

~~she~~ is suited with me. Dear Madam I wish to tell you that I do not belong to the girls friend association. But the young woman society I would be very grateful to come. Please could you let me know as soon as possible

A letter written by a servant girl asking for an invitation to the Queen's tea party

The Duke of Norfolk's Heir.—Lord Edmund Talbot, who becomes heir-presumptive to the dukedom of Norfolk through the death of the afflicted Earl of Arundel, is the Conservative member for the Chichester division of Sussex, a seat which he obtained, after two previously unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament, in 1894. He assumed the name of Talbot, in place of his family name of Howard, by royal licence in 1876, and in 1879 married Mary Caroline Bertie, the daughter of the 7th Earl of Abingdon. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston (he is, of course, a Roman Catholic), entered the 11th Hussars, and during the recent campaign saw service in South Africa, obtaining mention in despatches. He was private secretary to Mr. Brodrick in 1896 and is now assistant private secretary (unpaid). Lady Edmund takes great interest in social work.

Races that will Not Mix.—One of the most curious facts in the history of colonisation is the capability of the Latin nations of Europe to amalgamate with coloured races and the practical inability of the Teutonic races to do so. Where such attempts have been made by them the race has become sterile in the third generation. As a general rule, therefore, when the Teuton or Anglo-Saxon conquers or colonises he remains the ruling power apart from the subject race. The most conspicuous proof of this is India. On the other hand, where the Latin races have colonised successfully they have also mixed with those whom they have conquered. For instance, in South America the descendants of the conquerors intermarried with the Incas, and many of the best families in Peru are the descendants of Inca princesses. The same thing happened in Mexico, and again in the territories which the Portuguese conquered in India. Another very striking instance is furnished by the commingling of French and North American Indian blood in Canada, which has produced a very hardy and now highly civilised race.

Many Happy Returns to.—July 16: Lord Londonderry, 1852; Lord Bath, 1862; Sir James Woodhouse, 1852. July 17: Lord Stafford, 1833; Lord Cairns, 1863; Lord de Saumarez, 1843; Mr. Ernest Rhys, 1859. July 18: Lady Mar and Kellie; Lord Airlie, 1893; Dr. W. G. Grace, 1848; Mr. Laurence Housman, 1867. July 19: Duke of Saxe-Coburg, 1884; Lord Sackville, 1827; Lord Tra'algar, 1854. July 20: Duke of Sutherland, 1851; Lord Coke, 1848; Lord Mansfield, 1860; Lord Ashburton, 1866; Sir Clements Markham, 1830. July 21: Queen of Spain, Lord Strathmore, 1824; Lord Bathurst, 1864; Duke of Sparta, 1868. July 22: Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 1848; Duke of Somerset, 1846; Lord Robert Innes-Ker, 1885.

The First Combine.—The earliest form of trust that ever existed was undoubtedly the cornering of foodstuffs by monarchs and their agents. Accounts of such transactions are to be found in Assyrian records dating

back 7,000 or 8,000 years. The Romans did the same thing through their tax farmers, who laid embargoes on their food supplies of the provinces against arrears of taxes, and the probability is that similar operations were also conducted with regard to manufactures. Another form of monopolies, known as trade guilds, has existed from the very early times, and these, in the middle ages, amounted practically to the cornering of certain arts and industries as well as means of distribution. The greatest of them was the famous League of the Hanse Towns. So close a combine was this that it possessed its own fleets of armed merchantmen and even armies of mercenaries in order to guard its monopoly, a length to which not even American capitalists have yet ventured to proceed. As a matter of fact the British Indian Empire grew out of a conflict between trading monopolies of this kind, and India is ours because the British monopolists won.

A Bernhardt Story.—The great Sarah always contrives to keep more or less in the eye of the world. When she was over here last winter her son, Maurice, accompanied her, but returned to Paris about the middle of the visit. She was in her rooms at the hotel before he left, and he was hovering about her; both seemed much saddened by the separation. Madame Bernhardt was gowned in one of the soft white silk *négligés* in which she loves to swathe her graceful form, and with her red hair against the dark green of the high-backed chair in which she was sitting she made a beautiful picture to the eye of the privileged visitor. Maurice Bernhardt stood at the back of his mother's chair, one hand dropped carelessly over its top. "You will be lonely when your son leaves, madame," said an officious friend who stood near. Slowly one of the beautiful artistic hands stole up and clasped that of the young man who stood beside her. The drooping lids raised from eyes bright with unshed tears, the mobile mouth took a downward curve of utter despair, and the "voice of liquid gold" became accents of misery as the great actress whispered, "Je suis désolé." The acquaintance standing by had been fortunate enough to have seen Bernhardt in all her stage creations, but never had the great actress conceived or executed so beautiful an expression of affection as was that cry of mother's love.

Know How to Charge.—If they know how to make dresses in Paris it is also certain that they know how to charge. A lady who has paid her dressmaker £12,400 in the course of four years applied for a reduction of £500 in the charge for repairs and alterations, which it was contended was excessive. One of the items disputed was £4 for repairs, which consisted of simply sewing on a button, and another was £30 for slight alteration of a dress.



ONE OF THE CHOCOLATE BOXES

Presented by Messrs. Rowntree to each of the guests at the Queen's tea party to servant girls

A GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS.

I do not think I have ever read a book of travel of such wide, deep, and varied interest as Sir Harry Johnston's superbly got-up and profusely illustrated *The Uganda Protectorate*.¹ Whatever your special subject—botany, zoology, anthropology, language, history, or physical geography—you will find here facts and suggestions bearing upon it importantly. The most generally interesting subject is, of course, anthropology, and Sir Harry Johnston's descriptions of the various African tribes, their habits, customs, and superstitions are really fascinating reading. What a seething hell of horrors the Dark Continent has been for untold generations! "In Uganda there is a secret society of ghouls who join together at midnight for the purpose of disinterring and eating corpses. Monseigneur Streicher informs me that he knows a Musese peasant who killed his wife on the wedding night because she refused to cook the thigh of a man buried the night before, which her husband had dug up as a toothsome morsel for his marriage supper."

Speke gives a pathetic account of Mutesa's wives being hurried off to execution, wailing as they passed him, "O my lord! O my master!" And what were their offences? Failing to shut a door behind her, or shutting it when she ought to have left it open. "If you visit the Kazembi's capital near Lake Mweru at the present day you will see a large proportion of the population without hands or without ears, or otherwise mutilated as a punishment or in spite. I should think, until the British Protectorate became effective, five per cent. of the negro population of these countries was killed every year by the poison ordeal. In most districts there was not a single woman of fifty but had had perhaps ten times in her life to flee into the bush and conceal herself there, half starved, while her native village was in the hands of slave-raiders, invading Zulus, or the soldiery of her own chief, who were amusing themselves and their master by a little rapine and shedding of blood." By the way, Sir Harry

Johnston believes that the Protectorate will be able to repay the British taxpayer the £10,000,000 it has cost him, while he offers to British settlers what he calls "a white man's colony," a tract of land as healthy as New Zealand, abundantly watered by running streams, with grassy downs, splendid forests, a fertile soil capable of maintaining a population of 500,000, "and, on the whole, one of the fairest countries for beauty on the habitable earth."

What do you say to the memoirs of a veteran who has a vivid recollection of the return of the victors of Waterloo? Sir Edward Blount's most interesting *Memoirs*² go farther back even than Waterloo, and give you vivid pictures of historic men and scenes. I did not know that *Punch's* invariable picture of Palmerston with a flower in his mouth was so true to life. "Palmerston rode a great deal about London,

and always with a flower between his teeth. He would stop opposite the club windows in St. James's Street and Pall Mall and talk across the pavement to the members. Once when someone was begging for a decoration he exclaimed, 'Give him the thistle, for he is such an ass that he is sure to eat it'!" By far the most interesting of these reminiscences are those of the siege of Paris, during which Sir Edward was in charge of the British Embassy. The cold was poignant, fuel was unpurchasable, and food purchasable only at such rates as £10 for a ham, 30s. for a rabbit, and elephant 12s. a pound. Of all the extremely interesting revelations in these memoirs perhaps the most striking are Disraeli's reason for the annexation of Cyprus—that the island lay opposite the approach to the Euphrates valley from the Mediterranean, and the Euphrates valley line to India was then in contemplation, and that Napoleon III. was so far from intending to create a united Italy that he cut short the war with Austria to avert it.

"To silence a British gun," says *Tommy Cornstalk*,³ "you must kill its gunners," and the New South Wales corporal, who, taking this nickname of his fellow countrymen for his title, has written under it perhaps the best book of its kind that has yet appeared, is enthusiastic in his praise of the courage, fortitude, and efficiency of the Royal Horse Artillery. More's the pity, he thinks, that they should be so cruelly handicapped by "heavy harness, a useless kit, blundering methods of transport, and inferior guns." Tommy Cornstalk's description of our overlaid cavalry again recalls the knight in *Alice Through the Looking-glass*, who carries on his horse every conceivable thing he might possibly need even to a beehive; and, indeed, the secret of the weary, wasteful, and heart-sickening prolongation of the war lies in the retort put by the Bloemfontein "friend" into the mouth of a Boer pony in reply to the boast of a British troop horse: "I," said the horse, "carry the most complete kit in the world. My

master can make himself comfortable even in your inhospitable veldt with the kit I carry." "Yes," replied the Boer pony, "but I can carry my master out of the way of yours." Tommy Cornstalk considers that the territories of the two republics compare favourably with Australia. "They have a soil that is, best for best, as good and a rainfall that is better." You would say, then, that the project of repeopleing the desolated country with Englishmen is promising.

MILES BARRY.



MR. HAMLIN GARLAND, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST

Mr. Hamlin Garland, novelist and farmer, was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A., forty-one years ago. After travelling for some years he returned to Boston in 1885 and began to write verse and fiction. His best-known works are perhaps "The Eagle's Heart," and "The Trail of the Goldseekers." In the photograph Mr. Garland is seen in Indian costume made specially for him by some Cheyenne women.

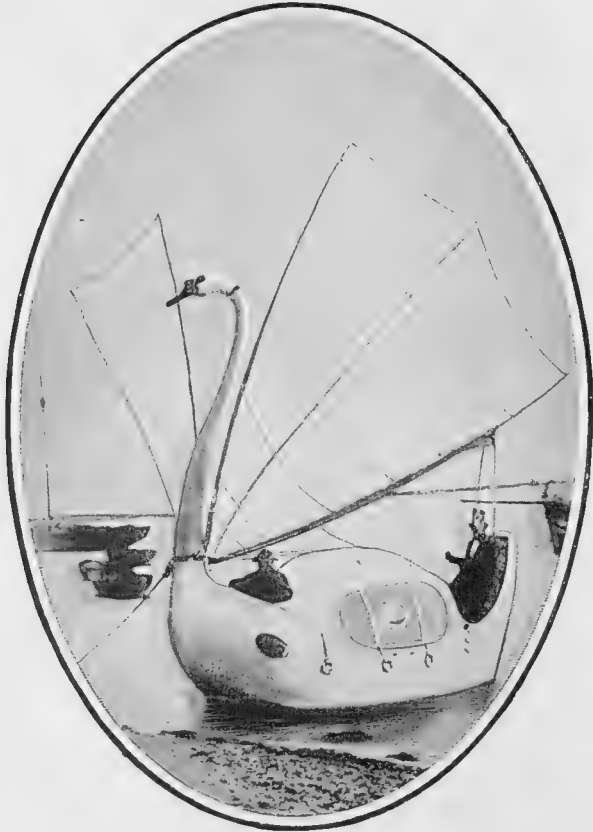
¹ THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE. By Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B. Two vols. (London: Hutchinson & Co.)

² MEMOIRS OF SIR EDWARD BLOUNT, K.C.B. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.)

³ TOMMY CORNSTALK. By J. H. M. Abbott, late corporal 1st Australian Horse. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.)

The Modern Highwayman.—Formerly Dick Turpin and Tom King infested the highroads out of London and relieved travellers of their purses. Now these same highways are beset by Jerry (no other name), who robs the passers-by of their scenery. Row on row of red-brick cottages rise along the lines of the suburban 'buses and tramways. On the Harrow road the cottages go nearly to Wembley. On the Oxford road you do not leave them until you pass Hanwell. On the Bath road there are ten miles of houses from Hyde Park Corner

GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



A SWAN YACHT

This weird-looking craft, which holds sixteen persons, is a familiar sight at Ryde

to the end of Hounslow. Now Jerry is attacking Sheen and Roehampton, and red-brick cottages are rising fast in the fields that used to line the road. Soon Sheen will be joined to Putney, and then there will be one long street from Hyde Park Corner to the "Star and Garter."

A Deserving Charity.—I am asked to say a word on behalf of the West Ham and East London Hospital, Stratford, E. This is one of the hospitals that does not come too much within the scope of generous recognition to which West-end hospitals are prone. On the other hand, it is certainly a hospital in which a vast number of urgent medical cases and of serious accidents are constantly being treated, and it wants funds for a new operating theatre. The secretary is Mr. T. A. Cook, who sends me the programme of a very pleasant coronation "at home" recently held at the hospital.

Richmond Hill.—The view from Richmond Hill is now at its best. The small-pox hospital is fortunately not visible, and on fine days the spectacle of the boats going up stream past Twickenham and Ham is exquisitely beautiful. When they return home by moonlight, very often with Japanese lanterns displaying coloured fires, the scene is even prettier. The number of foreigners and Americans who come to see this view is wonderful. Where Mrs. FitzHerbert passed her early widowhood and Mr. Tupman walked when the Pickwick Club had broken up sightseers of all nations assemble now in polyglot incoherence to see and criticise. One American lady was good enough to affirm that it "beat Bawston anyway."

An Exalted Indian Chief.—When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited Canada in 1861 he was created a chief of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, the title being conferred on his Majesty with much pomp and state. A chief of the Mohawk tribe named Brant Siro offered us his services in South Africa during the war, which, however, for certain reasons we were unable to accept. Brant Siro some years ago shot at Bisley with the first Canadian team that came over.

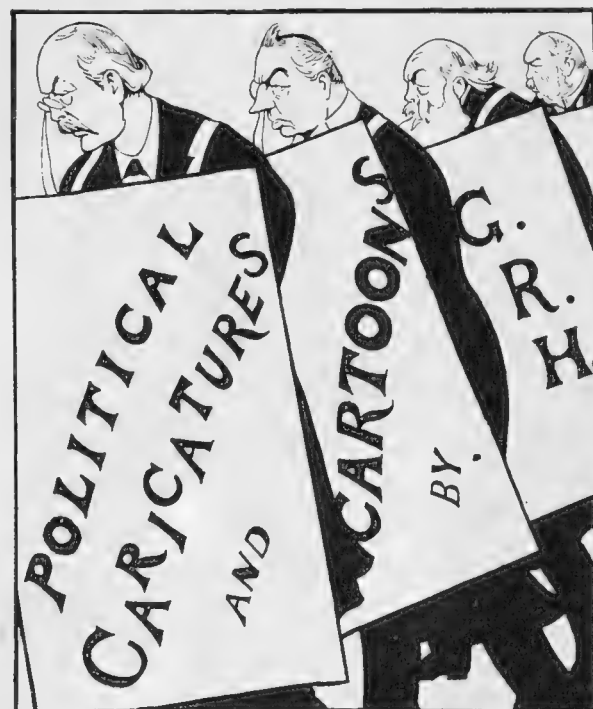
Sir Frederick Treves.—The North Sea fishing fleets provided Sir Frederick Treves with many of those surgical cases which enabled him to perform with such wonderful success upon the King. In the earlier years

of his professional life Sir Frederick was an ardent medical worker amongst the 20,000 men and boys whose whole lives practically are spent in the hard life of the fishing banks. Accidents were many and dangerous, and no one will ever know how large is the number of lives that have been lost on the North Sea for want of medical attention. All that is changed, and Sir Frederick Treves has been one of the pioneers.

A Very Interesting Engagement.—Mr. Dudley Carleton, who is engaged to be married to Miss Monckton, is the only surviving son of Baroness Dorchester. He was born in 1876 and is in the 9th Lancers. Lady Dorchester is the elder of the two daughters of the 3rd baron, who was succeeded in the title by his cousin, the late Lord Dorchester, who died without issue in 1897. Two years later she was created Baroness Dorchester in her own right. Lady Dorchester was first married in 1864 to Mr. F. P. Pigott of Banbury, eldest son of the Francis Pigott who was some time M.P. for Reading and Governor of the Isle of Man. He assumed his wife's name of Carleton. They had two sons, of whom the elder died in his youth and the second, who is heir to the title, is the Dudley now in question. Mr. Pigott Carleton died in 1883, and four years later his widow married Major-General Langford Leir, who also assumed the name of Carleton. The Carletons were settled at Carleton, near Penrith, at the Conquest, and at the visitation of Cumberland in 1665 Sir William Carleton of Carleton Hall certified his descent, eighteen generations in all, from Baldwin de Carleton.

The Bridegroom's Family.—The barony was created in favour of General Sir Guy Carleton in consideration of his eminent services during the first American War. He also received a pension of £1,000 a year for the lives of himself, his wife, and his two eldest sons, but by the irony of fate both these sons died before him, and he was succeeded in 1808 by his grandson, who died unmarried, when the title passed to his cousin, the father of the present baroness, so that it has never yet descended from father to child. The late Lord Dorchester was a gallant old soldier, whose honeymoon was cut short by the Crimean War, in which he did fourteen months' trench duty without being touched.

A Great Heiress.—Miss Monckton is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Galway and is a great heiress, having succeeded to the fortune of her uncle, Mr. Gosling, a member of the rich banking firm. This includes an estate in Surrey and an income of £15,000 a year. Lady Galway is a daughter of the late Mr. Ellis Gosling, and she also enjoys a life interest in a sum of £50,000 under her brother's will. Lord Galway is an Irish peer who represented the north division of Notts in the House of Commons for many years



THE FOUR LEADERS

Mr. Halkett's poster to his exhibition of pictures at the Woodbury Gallery in New Bond Street

THE MOTOR WORLD—WEEK BY WEEK.

A Progressive Dean.—On the Sunday following the declaration of peace the Dean of Hereford had two sermons to preach, in the morning at his own cathedral and in the evening at Worcester. The trains were not favourable for the journey, and had it not been for the motor the good folk of Worcester must have been disappointed. However, Dr. Leigh, whose goaheadness is well known, availed himself of the car and was enabled to keep his second engagement without difficulty. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has used an automobile in making his visitation of his diocese, and the Archdeacon of St. Albans and other Church dignitaries have been initiated into the mysteries of the new locomotion. Several country parsons already drive to distant parts of their parishes or from one church to another by autocar. The Automobile Club has two or three clerical members, while the Rev. A. Armitage is in the last list.

Count Zborowski, likewise on one of the monsters. Some question was raised about the count's time in Switzerland, the Swiss section being neutralised, and it is probable that he actually travelled from end to end in a shorter time than any other competitor. The test proved too much for the motor cycles, none of which achieved anything very remarkable. M. de Knyff, who was delayed by the breaking of his differential gear almost at the winning post, nevertheless carried off the Duke d'Arenberg's prize for the car employing alcohol as fuel which should first reach Belfort.

The Tourists.—Forty-three cars met outside the club premises in the Place de la Concorde, in heavy marching order and decorated with national flags, to proceed by easy stages and join the flyers at the finish. It was a ten days affair for them, and the climatic con-

drove up to the various controls one after another. Even in Switzerland, where some adverse signs were thought possible, equal appreciation was shown.

King Leopold Incognito.—The King of the Belgians is constantly out on his motor, and the other day something stopped him near Ledeghem. It became necessary to procure a horse to haul the damaged machine, and the Minister with his Majesty started off for this purpose. He appealed to the garde champêtre, but was met with the unceremonious reply that he had better fetch one himself. "Do it for the King," said Count Smet de Nayer somewhat annoyed. "Can't you see that I'm the Minister?" "You can't come that on us," was the incredulous answer; and the King, who had been much amused, had to withdraw to have his laugh out. At length a brewer's drayman identified his Majesty and the animal was procured.



Sir Pertab Singh

The Duke of Connaught and Earl Roberts bidding good-bye to General Cook before entering the King's motor car at Alexandra Palace

Not the Motor's Fault.—The car belonging to Mr. Julius Wernher was the goal for which a runaway bicycle unfortunately made on Holywell Hill, St. Albans, the other afternoon. The youth who was riding the latter machine sustained a fracture of both legs.

Paris-Vienna Results.—The official calculations prove that the best time over the entire course was accomplished by M. Marcel Renault, who covered the distance in 26 hr. 10 min. He was driving in the section for light cars. Next to this comes the record of Mr. Henry Farman, 24 min. slower; and this was upon a 70 h.p. car, a machine capable of a much higher speed than the other upon a favourable route, but naturally less handy round the corners in the mountainous portion of the journey. Very close to this comes the time of M. Edmond with another light car, and after him again Mr. Maurice Farman in a big car, while only a few minutes behind is

ditions were somewhat unfavourable, leading to one or two more or less serious side-slips. One of the party, M. Dufour, got his carriage on fire; he displayed a degree of coolness which surprised the onlookers, calmly photographing the conflagration, until it transpired that he was fully insured. Thirty-four vehicles arrived at Ragatz, thirty-one at Innsbruck, and very few fell out in the last stage, an evidence of the improvement which has been made in the ordinary travelling car.

Popular Enthusiasm.—Large crowds of spectators have assembled for the start of all the previous races, but never so many as came together to see the cars off for Vienna. Hundreds of cyclists rode out to Champigny, and the trains were full to overflowing, and this although the event took place in the earliest hours of the morning. All along the route people entered into the spirit of the thing and welcomed and cheered the racers as they

Official Recognition.—The *Court Circular* the other day contained the following announcement: "The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and attended by the Countess of Gosford, went out in a motor carriage." This is, we believe the first occasion upon which the court newsmen has deigned to make mention of the royal patronage of the automobile.

The Dust Nuisance.—The Minister of Public Works in France seems to be making a serious attempt to find something better than water to put on the roads. M. Jozon has been discussing with the president of the Touring Club the suggestion for spreading tar and oil over the surface, and stated that the experiment should be tried upon a stretch of highway on the Riviera. It would certainly be no harm if a similar experiment could be tried on some of the Surrey roads.

Soldier and Sailor Too.—The Prince of Wales has become, by virtue of his appointment as general supernumerary to establishment, higher in the army than he is in the navy—the service in which he was bred and to which he is devotedly attached. The Prince is now intimately associated with the three great branches into which our fighting forces are divided—the sailors, the soldiers, and that happy combination of the two, the marines. In the army he is a general officer, in the navy he is a rear-admiral, and he is colonel-in-chief of the Royal Marines. All branches of the marines are very proud because of the Prince's association with the force, the Chatham division in particular. At the beginning of this year the King, anxious at all times to do some little act to show his constant interest in his combatant organisations, commanded that the band of the Chatham division should wear the white rose of York on the regimental badge of their helmet-plate and cap in commemoration of their attendance on the Prince during his voyage to the colonies last year.

The Captain of H.M.S. "Hood."—The officer who was recently appointed to the command of the *Hood* in the Mediterranean, Captain Robert S. Lowry, was until lately the captain of the *Ramilles*, flagship of the rear-admiral in the Mediterranean, which flew Lord Charles Beresford's flag as second in command. Captain Lowry has been assistant director of naval intelligence and also a member of the council of the Royal United Service Institution. He is an able strategist and carried off the fine silver prize cup which was awarded not long ago by Admiral Sir John A. Fisher, K.C.B., when commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. The trophy was offered for the best essay on the strength and strategy of the British Mediterranean fleet in the event of war. The competition was open to all officers of the Mediterranean and Channel fleets, and about twenty essays on this most interesting and important subject were finally sent in. Captain Lowry is also the possessor of a pair of beautiful Sèvres vases given to him by the French Government for his assistance to the French corvette, *Seignelay*, when she was aground off Jaffa eleven years ago. The *Hood* is a ship of the *Royal Sovereign* class, but she differs from them in having two turrets instead of barbets.

Naval Memorials.—Some time ago the Portsmouth Corporation gave permission for a memorial to be erected in Victoria Park to perpetuate the gallant work done in China by the naval brigade of H.M.S. *Centurion* when she was flagship on the China station. The memorial is to be placed near that which commemorates the labours of the naval brigade of H.M.S. *Powerful*, subscribed for by Captain Hedworth Lambton and the other officers who served with him in South Africa. Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, whose flag flew in the *Centurion* and whose brilliant work during the memorable Pekin period is fresh in the recollection of all, is interesting himself greatly in the latest tribute to the naval dead. Victoria Park has already a considerable

UNITED SERVICE GOSSIP.

number of naval memorials of interesting events, amongst them that of the smashed sheet anchor of H.M.S. *Sultan*. During the bombardment of Alexandria a shot cut the great metal mass in two, and the pieces now rest on a mound as a memorial to the men of the *Sultan* who were killed in the battle.

Two Fine N.C.O.'s.—In the long list of coronation honours a distinction which escaped general notice was that which was conferred upon Sergeant G. Smith of the Royal Engineers. It was in the form of a bar to be worn with his Distinguished Conduct Medal, and is equivalent



COLONEL STURGES

3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers

years men like Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson have pleaded for a more liberal recognition of the force, and success is likely to attend the efforts of such reformers as these. Recently some of the new 4.7 in. guns were supplied to the 2nd West Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery, of which Colonel G. J. J. Hoffmann is the commanding officer, to replace the absurd and obsolete 40-pounders with which the brigade has been armed for many years. Colonel Hoffmann has lost no time in successfully carrying out some experiments in engine traction with the new weapons.

The Inspector of Colours.—The little-known office of inspector of colours for the army is borne by that distinguished authority on heraldry, Sir Albert W. Woods, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Garter King of Arms. Although colours are no longer taken into action and are merely symbols of everything that is best in a regiment's life, still their renewal and formation, when necessary, are vitally important matters, and some such expert as Sir Albert is necessary for the settlement of any technical point which may arise. Within the last few months quite a large number of new colours have been presented to various regiments by the King, the Queen, the Duke of Cambridge, Earl Roberts, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Mr. Chamberlain Turned Back.—The other day, when the Prince of Wales presented new colours to the 4th Royal Fusiliers, I witnessed a little incident which shows how completely Mr. Chamberlain is absorbed in his own affairs. Just before the Prince rode down the Mall Mr. Chamberlain drove from that thoroughfare with the object of crossing the Horse Guards Parade into Whitehall. His quiet one-horse brougham was stopped by an impassive policeman, who intimated that there was no road that way. "Why not?" demanded the Colonial Secretary putting his head out of the window. "Presentation of colours, sir," said the constable.

"And who's presenting them?" inquired Mr. Chamberlain. "Prince of Wales, sir," answered the policeman. "In that case," said Mr. Chamberlain, "you must drive back again and go round," and the obedient coachman did as he was ordered. Mr. Chamberlain was faithful to his eyeglass and orchid, and was smoking a cigar. Several people with cameras were within a few feet and could have got an excellent shot, but not one was sharp enough to snap the great politician talking with the policeman. Some time afterwards, when the scene on the parade was most brilliant, Mr. Chamberlain drove past again, but he did not trouble to look at what was taking place. With the Colonial Secretary his cigar seems to be as inseparable as his orchid. His first request after his wounds were dressed the other day was that he should be put in a room where he could smoke

to winning the medal a second time. Another fine non-commissioned officer who can be put on the same level as Sergeant Smith is Colour-Sergeant H. E. Worthing of the Rifle Brigade. He also has a bar to his medal. The decorations were won, it is almost needless to state, in the South African War.

The Advance of the Volunteers.—Those who prophesied the collapse of the volunteer movement in consequence of the imposition of greater demands on the time of officers and men of the force have to confess that things have not taken quite the turn they expected. Despite all obstacles the more energetic officers, helped by their non-commissioned officers and men, have pushed ahead, and in many ways given a lift to the service in which they are so greatly interested. For many

SOCIETY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Week by Week.

Royal Movements.—As soon as the King is well enough he will be taken down to Portsmouth and put on board the *Victoria and Albert*, which will be waiting at Clarence Yard, Gosport. From there the yacht will proceed to Trinity Wharf, Cowes, and will remain in the Solent until after the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. It is now quite settled that the King will not go abroad; in fact, what he will require is bracing air, not lowering treatment. When he has had enough yachting he will go to Balmoral for a short time for the sake of the strong air of Deeside.

What the King Will Not Do.—It is hoped at Exmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, and Plymouth that the King will repeat his experience of some twenty years back and sail down the coast, stopping at those towns for their regattas, which occur successively. As a matter of fact, however, these hopes will be disappointed. All these regattas come off so late, in fact towards the end of August and beginning of September, that his Majesty's cruise will be over before they have begun. It is by no means unlikely that this time by way of a change he will sail up to Scotland along the coast and then go up the Caledonian Canal towards Balmoral.

Marlborough House.—During the autumn Marlborough House is to be put into the hands of the workmen to be fitted up as a residence for the Prince and Princess of Wales. All modern improvements are to be put in, including several lifts, which will be a great convenience. The house is to be completely redecorated and in some respects refurnished. The room formerly occupied by the late Duke of Clarence, which has been closed and unused since his death in accordance with a melancholy custom introduced by the late Queen, will be opened and fitted up

for use. The rooms which were used as nurseries for the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters are to be restored to their original purpose and allotted to Prince Eddie and the rest of the Prince of Wales's family. Laguerre's paintings illustrative of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns will, of course, be carefully preserved. By the bye, these paintings were long concealed under

a coating of stucco, which was put on for some reason when the house was got ready as a residence for Queen Adelaide. It happened that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar remembered these pictures, and one day in 1859 he happened to mention them to the Prince Consort. The latter was at first inclined to be incredulous,

but an examination under the stucco revealed the truth of Prince Edward's statement. The stucco was then removed so dexterously that the paintings were revealed uninjured.

Coronation Rumours.—It is quite certain that the coronation if it takes place at all will be on a very different and much quieter scale. The foreign and Indian princes, the native chiefs and colonial contingents, cannot be assembled again, least of all in the autumn. One end for which

they were assembled has been thoroughly secured, and that was to give them a display of the wealth and power of England and the vastness of London. What is most likely to happen is that when the King has completely recovered there will be a small procession through the Park to the Abbey much in the style of

those which have been used for the opening of Parliament. Then the King will be solemnly crowned preparatory to a service of thanksgiving.

Royal Autumn Programme.

—The King's programme for the autumn is at present an absolute blank. All his engagements have been wiped out and nothing is settled except from day to day. Everything depends upon how he recovers his strength. If he gets quite well and strong again he will pay one or two visits in the autumn. There is a half promise to Lord and Lady Howe to visit them at

Penn House, Amersham, and a similar one to Lord and Lady Leicester at Holkham for shooting, and perhaps these may be taken up. Extensive preparations have been made at Windsor for shooting parties, and it is to be hoped that his Majesty will be able to shoot there later. But all this must naturally depend on the progress the King's health makes.



THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY

Who married Lord Clancarty in 1889, was, as Miss Belle Bilton, one of the most popular young actresses of the day

Lafayette

The Marriage of the Week.



THE REV. PAUL WYATT

Who last Saturday married Constance Countess De la Warr

Russell



MR. PAUL WYATT'S BRIDE

Constance Countess De la Warr

Russell

A Vast Domain.—The Duke of Sutherland's enormous territory in Sutherland, extending to nearly 1,500,000 acres, is largely made up of deer forest and grouse moor. There are large expanses of mountain side, glen, and moorland which are absolutely useless except for sporting purposes. The late duke encouraged game and leased out huge strips of this land at considerable rents to sportsmen, and the present duke derives the advantage. The Duke of Westminster, for instance, leases Reay Forest, including Loch More, Loch Stack, and Loch Laxford, which supply every variety of sport, even sea fishing. Lord Brownlow leases the smaller forest of Glencanisp, which is in the centre of Sutherland and spreads among a chain of mountains.

A Coming Marriage.—A grand event which will as it were help to wind up the season is the marriage of Lord Beauchamp to Lady Lettice Grosvenor, which will take place at Eccleston Church on July 26. Eccleston is on the Eaton estate, and here are the tombs of the Grosvenor family, which go back a long way. It is a very pretty church and has been kept in good preservation by the owners of Eaton. The late duke "restored" it completely at his own expense. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster will entertain a party at Eaton Hall, and Countess Grosvenor and Mr. Wyndham another at Saighton Grange for the occasion. The presents have already reached a goodly number and many of them are very valuable.

The Preferences of Princess Henry.—As befits the elder sister of the Duchess of Westminster, Princess Henry of Pless is thoroughly English in tastes and habits. She has a healthy love of outdoor sport and hunts and shoots at Fürstenstein with her husband as she used to do in this country before she was married ten or eleven years ago. She certainly spends a fair share of her leisure in the land of her birth. Anglophobia

does not flourish at Fürstenstein. Though Prince Henry is Chancellor of the Order of the Black Eagle and one of the greater German magnates he shares his wife's partiality for Britain, and Fürstenstein is seldom without an English guest. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have a great regard for both the Prince and Princess, and though the Prince's son and heir was christened in Berlin two years ago King Edward shared with the German Emperor the responsibility of acting as godfather.

"The Fairy Princess."—Her stay in the land of sauerkraut has not affected the winsomeness of Princess Henry of Pless, who is still one of the loveliest of women—a very "fairy princess" as the Germans call her. Tall and graceful, girlish and golden-haired, she has been the acknowledged beauty of the society functions she has attended since she came back for the coronation. According to "Burke" the Princess was plain Miss Cornwallis-West and a commoner—if a lady can be a commoner—but if everybody had his rights she should have been a princess born, for her parents are descended from Celtic kings who lorded it in the land when the German princelets were in the "Robber Baron" stage; and if anyone should consider that descent from royalty too remote for modern ideas the Princess can trace her pedigree direct to Henry III. of England. The house of Pless is also of some antiquity—the Princess's husband is the 15th Henry of that ilk—and for many centuries has held a great place in Europe. But it is a ruling and not a royal race, and kings have not been as plentiful as blackberries on the family tree, though it has fought and diplomatized and won lands and titles in four or five realms at one time or another.

A Notable Peeress.—A most interesting peeress is Lady Aylmer, the wife of Lord Aylmer. The latter, however, is half Canadian himself, for his mother was a native of the district of Quebec in the Dominion, and he has moreover spent most of his life in Canada. Lady Aylmer is the daughter of the Hon. George Young of Montreal, a member of Congress, and it is only two years ago that she celebrated her silver wedding at their home in Quebec. As Lord Aylmer has three sons, two brothers, an uncle, and many cousins, all in the line of succession, there is no immediate fear that this interesting peerage, the only one held by a Canadian born, will die out.



MISS LOTTIE COATS

One of the present season's débutantes. Miss Coats is a daughter of Mrs. George Coats of 31, Park Lane, whose musical parties are one of the features of the London season

Esme Collins

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The Royal House of Saxony.—It is not generally known that Prince Max, the youngest son of the new King of Saxony, is a Roman Catholic priest, and that he was at one time an earnest worker amongst the poor of the East-end of London. His father, King George, and his uncle, the late King Albert, were, of course, also Catholics, the royal house of Saxony being amongst the few princely families of Germany that 'verted to the old religion when the early enthusiasm of the Reformation had spent itself. Saxony has been a kingdom for the last century, but its electors, as the princes were formerly styled, were Catholics for more than a century before Napoleon gave them a kingly crown. They sprang originally from the famous house of Wettin, which has furnished many strong rulers and fighters to take part in the turmoil of Europe during the last 1,000 years. The great Marshal de Saxe, though a French general, was one of them, and none the less able because he bore the bar sinister on his blazon. It was the marshal's father, Augustus the Strong, who surrendered his Protestantism in order to secure the throne of Poland.

Boulanger—with a Difference.—The most interesting personality in Paris at the moment is General André, the new War Minister, who is by some regarded as the Boulanger of the future. A hard worker, who goes straight to the point and despises red tape, he is indeed one of the few strong men remaining in

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France. The terror of the idle officer, he inquires into every one of those little details which commanders usually leave to subordinates but which in reality affect so closely the comfort of the soldier and the efficiency of the army. Strange to say he makes a poor figure on horseback, and his personal appearance rather lends itself to caricature, for he is very tall, very spare, very fallow, and very serious—in fact the very opposite of what the typical Frenchman should be. A pair of gold pince-nez and a long black moustache with a decided downward droop give additional character to an already remarkable face. For a Frenchman the general is unusually silent and reserved, and he has a will of iron. This last is not the least important item in the equipment of a politician whose watchword is efficiency.

The Wedding of To-Day.—If community of tastes ensures felicity the happiest pair of the season should be Captain Gerald Portman and his *fiancée*, Miss Sheffield, who are to be married to-day (July 16). Both are enthusiastically devoted to sport. Of the two perhaps the lady is the better sportsman, for while she hunts and shoots as much as any man in the fen country she is frequently up with the

dawn to go duck shooting, and returns with a bag to breakfast before the average man thinks of commencing the round of his daily duties. The captain is also a very fair shot, and when in England hunts a great deal with the Portman Hounds at Bryanston. When his regiment, the 10th Hussars, first went out to South Africa he was on the personal staff of the Indian Viceroy, but afterwards joined his comrades at the front and, I believe, narrowly escaped death on his way out in the transport that went down with so many horses on board. He was invalided home some time ago and recently retired from the army. I believe, like another Cincinnatus, he contemplates farming in Lincolnshire, near his future brother-in-law's country seat, Normanby Park.

About Miss Sheffield.—Captain Portman's *fiancée* is, of course, a sister of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, the young diplomatist who now holds the baronetcy and what is left of the estates of the extinct dukedom of Normanby and Buckingham. The legitimate ducal line ended with Edmund Sheffield, the 2nd duke, but the estates passed at his death to his half-brother, Sir Charles Sheffield, the 1st baronet of Normanby. Sir Berkeley is as yet unmarried, and Miss Sheffield for some time past has acted as *chatelaine* of Normanby Park. The present heir to the Sheffield baronetcy is Miss Sheffield's uncle, Captain John Sheffield.



LADY TWEEDMOUTH
Who helped at the book stall

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN
Who presided at the basket stall

MRS. CLAUD LAMBTON
One of the assistants at the flower stall

THREE OF THE HELPERS AT THE CORONATION BAZAAR

Miss Connie Ediss in "The Toreador" at the Gaiety.



Miss Connie Ediss, happily returned to the Gaiety plays the part of Mrs. Malton Hoppings, played by Claire Romaine and afterwards by Miss Pattie Browne.
This picture was taken by Mr. Alfred Ellis

Miss Madge Girdlestone in "The Bandits" at the Hippodrome.



Mr. Bassano's picture of Miss Girdlestone shows her in *The Bandits* as Lady Elizabeth, who while on her way to marry Count Antonio is captured by brigands, whose chief, Black Eagle, turns out to be her fiancé. *The Bandits* is one of the most exciting spectacular scenes ever witnessed in London

THE BRAN PIE. By Adrian Ross.

There is nothing that so characterises a modern democracy as its wonderful power of forgetting, or acting as if it forgot. It is in some ways a most happy faculty. By the time we had been at war, for instance, about a year, it seemed to be our normal condition; we dimly remembered that we had once been at peace, but waited quite patiently for the end of the fighting. Some of us have even become accustomed to the war income tax. As the Prisoner of Chillon said :—

My very chains and I grew friends.

Peace came, and after a mild maffick we almost forgot that there had ever been a war. Though the troops are just beginning to return, and civil society is disentangling itself gradually from the tangle of barbed wire along the blockhouse line, and the blockhouses themselves are reverting to signalmen's shelters or being carted away by the thrifty Boer for farm buildings, yet some of us hardly know what a blockhouse means, and the sixpenny magazines we sent to beguile the long waiting of the watchers have not been enough to keep them in our mind.

It is the privilege and the danger of a democracy to forget. That is why one can see that neither the Germans nor the French are really democratic. The Germans are always getting ready to revenge some wrong that only the most learned of their professors know much about. If it should become German policy to throw over Italy in a peculiarly mean way the step would be justified by the ill-treatment of Arminius (*alias* Hermann) by the Romans. Nothing, however, could be more absurd than for the Italians to wish to retaliate for the slaughter of Varus and his legions. No right of revenge exists against Germany, the *primævally* virtuous.

France is more democratic, and can forget. That is why it was always historically probable that Alsace and Lorraine would some day again appear as Elsass and Lothringen. The German could say exactly when and how each part of the provinces had been annexed, and assess the respective guilt of the French kings who had done the annexing. The French had almost forgotten that they had taken anything; they are now beginning to forget that they have lost anything. And at the same time, they are acquiring a certain amount of practical skill in working a democratic republic.

The Americans—I mean the citizens of the United States—are still more democratic, and their memories are shorter.

A transatlantic friend of mine once took England to task for her iniquity in the Boer War, pointing out that many American citizens highly disapproved of our conduct, and that we had irretrievably lost the inestimable blessing of being favoured by American public opinion. In a word, we had sunk (let us say) from the glory of Admiral Dewey when the nation gave him a house to his infamy and opprobrium when he made the house over to his wife. These are the two extremes of American public estimation and follow each other as closely as any heat wave and blizzard in New York. That

the majority of the population of the United States disapproved of our cause was a pity; yet, with their newspapers, it was not very strange. But that a sensible man should attach any importance to a passing wave of sentiment, or ask anybody else to consider it as serious is very strange indeed. It was as if a man were threatened with having the back of the weathercock turned on him for ever. In five years the American schoolboy will be unable to distinguish between Mr. Kruger and Christopher Columbus.

The Irish are not democratic by nature; the Kelt demands a chief or chiefs to reverence and disobey. And this is because he has a long memory; sometimes he remembers things that never happened, such as the golden age of Ireland before the Saxons (who were Normans) came over. His mind is buried with hereditary rights and wrongs; prescription is meaningless to him, and he seems rapacious to the democratic and solid Saxon because he will not acquiesce in the slow transformation of ancestral wrong into legal right. A democracy must have a short memory or it can never work harmoniously. It must be a big commercial company with what patriotism can be added. But if the shareholders wish to change the directors because an ancestor of the chairman cheated someone out of £100 in the time of the South Sea Bubble, what sort of dividends will be paid? As M. Maeterlinck very ably points out in his last volume, the dumb-animal common sense of the common herd will guide it better than the wisest of philosophers, and, it may be said, far better than the best of poets. Now the true Kelt is a poet, though even there he is traditional and lawless.

The Boer was not fitted for a modern democracy. He was rather like a Spartan, the farming aristocrat, fighting and hunting, supported by his native serfs. Like an ancient Spartan he had a long memory; a petty police affair rankled in the memory of his race for many years. Now he is becoming a real democrat and apparently trying to forget the traditions of hatred. As for us, it is no credit if we are friendly; we simply could not keep up a spiteful feeling long—we have not the memory for it.

On the other hand, we may, and very probably shall, forget a good many of the lessons the war ought to have taught us; we shall pay for our experience and leave it lying on the counter. Democracies do that.

Our army will relapse into muddle, and we shall hardly profit at all by the enormous advantage of having learnt the practical meaning of modern weapons. In old days we should have promptly picked a quarrel with some other state whose soldiers were inexperienced. That is too extreme a method; yet surely we could make it impossible to repeat some blunders of the last three years. But we shall forget and suffer again, it is the way of a democracy; and then we shall probably come out right in the end. That is also the way of a democracy—but not always.

Queen of the Air.

(The Aero Club de France at its last meeting drew up the conditions of a lady aeronauts' challenge cup competition.)

Eve tempted Adam to the fruit,
And now the witty Gaul
Lures Eve to try the parachute
That she in turn may fall.
Perhaps one day she'll leap—ah, madam—
And never longer trouble Adam.

The Gaul a gallant man is he
And offers now a prize
To tempt his Eve aloft that she
May there acclimatise.
For since he travels in the air
He needs must have a lady there.

So when "my daughter's in the sky"
It does not follow she
Has been the cause of tearful eye
And haunts the cemetree.
Indeed—if she can well contrive—
She may be very much alive!

And when "my girl's beneath a cloud"
The swain need not turn haughty.
The thought should never be allowed
That Sara should be naughty.
She simply had a sporty fly at
Spheres beyond her mother's fiat.

Further the crafty Gaul decides
A trophy shall be given
To her who in the airship rides
Most speedily to hiven.
He'll never flirt and sup with her
Unless he can keep up with her.

But ah—most dreadful thought—what if
Sweet Sara's utmost speed
Were found when racing in her skiff
Unequal to her need?
What if the race—well may you groan—
Were won by Sara's chaperon!

G. E. R.

PLAYS, MUSIC, AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet is one of the most interesting studies he has ever given us. The indecision of the melancholy Dane and the curious intellectual purposelessness form marked features in Mr. Robertson's Hamlet. I can well understand how he likes to be able to play this part even in the midst of the success of *Mice and Men*, where he has really a very small chance to show what is in him.

The censor has been universally censured for his ridiculous suppression of *Monna Vanna*. It was a tactical mistake which he is likely to regret. A good deal of gossip has been going around about mysterious "persons in high rank" who object to some of the plays that have been recently put on. They have very good cause; but why attack the work and serious study of a man of letters like Maeterlinck and give entry to a nasty importation like *The Girl from Maxim's*? The idea that the public revel in such pieces is preposterous, and the fallacy is shown by the fact that while Mr. Redford licensed *The Girl from Maxim's* the public would not have it at any price.

The theatres will really be asleep till August, when the Haymarket reopens with a new play and Mr. George Alexander produces Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, *If I were King*.



MISS BETTY BELKNAP IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS"

Miss Betty Belknap, the Venetia Grafton, one of the three aristocratic friends of Lady St. Mallory in *Three Little Maids* at the Apollo Theatre, came to this country for the first time in April, 1900, and appeared at the Garrick in *Zaza*, when Mr. Charles Frohman presented that piece here with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title rôle. Miss Belknap then played the part of Madame Dufresne as she had done in the original production at the Garrick, New York. At the end of the season she returned to America and fulfilled an engagement with Mr. Daniel Frohman at Daly's Theatre.

Coming back to London this year Miss Belknap hoped to have a part in a comedy under Mr. George Edwardes's management, but failing that made her first acquaintance with a musical play in *Three Little Maids*. Miss Belknap comes from Mobile, Alabama, where she lived until her school days at a convent were over. A letter of introduction to Mr. David Belasco took her to New York and obtained for her a first engagement at a theatre, which turned out to be for the part of Madame Dufresne in Mr. Belasco's own version of *Zaza*, produced on Christmas Eve, 1898. Fewer of these American players remain with us than one would suppose. Edna May is almost the sole representative on this side of the "crowd" that delighted many thousands for months in *The Belle of New York* at the Shaftesbury.



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX



MISS EDNA MAY

Two of Mr. Carl J. Blenner's portraits of popular players now on exhibition at Graves's Galleries

An Actor who has Seen Four Sovereigns on the Throne.

Mr. Joseph A. Cave, who makes his appearance as David MacBrayne in *Lord of his House* at the Comedy Theatre, is probably the oldest English actor now before the public. Born at Maida Hill, Paddington, in 1823 he made his *début* nine years later as Tom Thumb in a burlesque of that name at a little theatre by the Edgware Road, then called the Pavilion, on the site of which the Marylebone Theatre, now the Royal West London, was afterwards built. The manager, Charles Oakley, who was a friend of his father, had discovered a talent in young Joseph Cave for singing comic songs and determined to give him an opportunity of proving it in public. His judgment of the boy's capabilities was confirmed by the audiences at the Pavilion, and shortly afterwards he became a member of a juvenile company with which he played Fusbos in *Bombastes Furioso*. His singing and acting attracted the attention of a Standard Theatre comedian named Michael Hall, who wrote and presented him with a new song. With this he made a success at various concert-rooms—music-halls did not exist—particularly so at Whales's Tea Gardens, Bayswater, where St. Mary's Church, Cambridge Terrace, now stands, after which he returned to the Marylebone Theatre as an "utility" actor.

From the Marylebone Mr. Cave went to the Apollo, a saloon in the same neighbourhood. The building, which has long since disappeared, was a large one with a stage about 40 ft. deep. The programme given there appears extraordinary when compared with a modern one. It included a concert, dancing, an opera or a dramatic piece, and a farce, in all of which he took part. Great care, Mr. Cave says, was always given to the preparation of the operatic revivals, and a capital orchestra under the direction of a Mr. Love, who was afterwards leader of the orchestra at the Princess's with Mr. Charles Kean, was a feature of the place.

Another famous saloon in those days at which he appeared was the Bower in Stangate Street, Lambeth, then managed by Mr. G. A. Hodson, a native of Dublin. Mr. Hodson was a well-known musician and composer, many of his ballads being still sung. His son, George, father of Miss Henrietta Hodson—now Mrs. Henry Labouchere—

was a very popular Irish comedian. Other members of the profession that appeared at the Bower and later made successes in the West-end were Charles Calvert, Mr. James Fernandez, and Miss Biddles, afterwards Mrs. Calvert, so well known to us.

Leaving the Bower Mr. Cave went into the chorus for an operatic season at Her Majesty's Theatre and from there went back to the concert-room. At the "Swan," which was demolished to make room for Charing Cross Railway Station, he made a feature of Irish songs, one of which drew the writer of it, Samuel Lover, to ask for an introduction to the singer.



THE VETERAN ACTOR, "JOE" CAVE, NOW PLAYING AT THE COMEDY

At the "Cider Cellars," a once famous saloon in Maiden Lane, Strand, he made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of Mr. Barnabas Brough—father of four clever sons, of whom Mr. Lal Brough is the only survivor—who brought many of his literary friends, including Dickens and Thackeray, to hear him sing.

Mr. Cave, anxious to become a manager on his own account, took the Marylebone Theatre, which he opened on Whit Monday, 1858, and a few weeks later set about preparing a revival of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. During the rehearsals of this he received a letter from Mrs. Robertson, then acting at

Bath and Bristol, saying she would be pleased to treat with him for the services of her little daughter, Madge, to play Eva. The cast being already complete he had to decline the offer of the service of the little girl that is now Mrs. Kendal. The child that did appear in that revival as Eva is now known professionally as Miss Bella Pateman.

Whilst the Marylebone was being redecorated one season Mr. Cave took Sadler's Wells, and in 1867 transferred all his interests from the former to the Victoria, which he opened on September 28 in that year. The Victoria was in the Waterloo Road. Built in 1818 it was originally called the Coburg, after Prince Leopold, King of the Belgians, who officiated at the laying of the stone. Some years later the name was by permission of the Duchess of Kent changed to Victoria. The company that Mr. Cave got together included Robert Soutar, Sam Emery, Miss Marie Litton, and Miss Nellie Farren. With *Tom and Jerry* he made a big hit. George Cruikshank kindly assisted him then as he did again afterwards with his drawings and advice. When his management of the Victoria terminated Mr. Cave had an offer to go as comedian to the Gaiety, but he preferred his own management and so took over the Greenwich Theatre in 1872. Again he returned, a year or so later, to the Marylebone, and from there went to the Alhambra, where he produced *Chilperic* and other musical pieces. For Miss Marie Litton he acted as manager at the Imperial, and then for five years was again his own manager, this time at the Elephant and Castle. During those busy years Mr.

Cave appeared as an actor in most of his own productions. He wrote dramas, burlesques, and pantomimes, and now in his eightieth year he still comes before the public prepared to play his part as pluckily as the young man that came down only yesterday from the 'varsity.

In *Lord of his House* Mr. Cave plays the part of a very old deaf man, but old as he is he has to simulate a good deal of antiquity in the play, for in real life he is wonderfully fresh and active as this photograph, which was specially taken for this journal the other day, clearly shows. The secret of his youth is that he never loses his interest in things.



MDLLE. R. PACINI



M. MARÉCHAL



MRS. LILLIE BIRMINGHAM

The most interesting note of the close of the season is to my mind the Opera at Covent Garden, for the theatres have really spent their force for the nonce. Yet even the Opera is nearing its end. Nordica and Calvé have gone, and that is a great loss. What a pity we have so few Calvés. I went to hear her *Carmen* on the Saturday before she left and was simply amazed by its immense freshness and its colour after all the years she has played it. Keenly interested as I am in Wagner I cannot help feeling that the master could plough over acres of dead dulness, and his crop of singers seem to take on the nature of the soil. Of course it is heresy to say so, but if devotees were quite frank they would admit the truth of this. Calvé, on the other hand, belongs to the school that does not pooh-pooh the art of acting in opera. An attractive newcomer is Miss Mary Garden, who appears as the heroine of *The Heart of the Princess Osra*. Her manner is very dainty.

M. Maréchal, who was seen for the first time here on the occasion of Madame Calvé's *rentrée*, is a light tenor and a clever actor from the Paris Opéra Comique whose chief success has been gained in the works of the modern French school. He was born at Liège in Belgium in 1867, studied at the Conservatoire there, won the first prize for singing and declamation, and made his *début*

Music, Operatic, and Otherwise.

at the theatre in 1891. In 1895 he went to the Paris Opéra Comique, appearing as Don José in *Carmen*, and has since been seen in many rôles, notably as Julien in Charpentier's *Louise*, in Massenet's *Griseldis*, and latterly in the same composer's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* at Monte Carlo.

Mdlle. Regina Pacini, who has been so successful in the revivals of Donizetti's pretty little opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*



MADAME BOLSKA

this season, began her operatic career at the early age of sixteen at Lisbon. After eight seasons at Madrid, where she established herself as a great favourite, she went to Italy, appearing at both Naples and Milan. Her delightfully pure voice, which reminds me of the famous singers in the palmy days of Italian opera, has also charmed South American audiences, Mdlle. Pacini having been engaged for two seasons at Buenos Ayres. Her bright and vivacious acting is as interesting as her singing.

Madame Bolska gives a Chopin concert under the patronage of Queen Alexandra on behalf of the society that has lately been formed in Poland to do honour to the great

national composer. She is the wife of Count Brochocka, on whose estates Chopin was born, and she is one of the greatest singers that this land of music has produced. The countess is popular at St. Petersburg, where she is a great singer and star prima donna at the Opera House.

Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, who recently made a most favourable first appearance in London at the Bechstein Hall, is the happy possessor of a rich contralto voice. Moreover, she sings with much taste and good expression in French, German, Italian, and English. Although coming to England from California Mrs. Birmingham was born in Canada at Hamilton, Ontario. She made a capital reputation in San Francisco as a concert and church singer. She subsequently studied in Paris under M. Jacques Bouhy and in London under Mr. George Henschel. Mrs. Birmingham has sung considerably in the western states of America.

Large audiences flocked to St. George's Hall for the recent performances of *Florodora* by amateurs on behalf of the King's Hospital Fund. Mrs. J. O. Lawson-Johnston was particularly handsome and effective as Dolores, especially in the second act, in which she gave a delightful rendering of "His Only Love," an encore of which was demanded as was the dance and duet with Mr. Cannott in the same act.

MISS GARDEN
As Manon at Covent GardenMRS. J. O. LAWSON-JOHNSTON
In *Florodora*

THE VETERAN SONG COMPOSER, SIGNOR ARDITI

At the Age of Eighty with a Heart of Eighteen.

Eighty years ago to-day there was born in the little town of Crescentino, Piedmont, Luigi Arditi, who as composer and conductor has given delight to countless thousands of the public in Great Britain and Ireland, in South America, throughout the United States, and in many of the chief cities of the European continent. This is, indeed, something to be proud of, but Signor Arditi has done far more than this, for if a man may count himself happy in the possession of troops of friends then surely Luigi Arditi may reckon himself one of the happiest men of our time. Not only has he succeeded in the world but he has managed to do so without making a single enemy—a rare accomplishment, which is to be accounted for by his sunny disposition and his remarkable amiability towards everyone with whom he comes in contact.

Some few years since, before I had the privilege of meeting the distinguished composer and conductor, I came across his *Reminiscences*—a volume admirably edited by the elder daughter of the late William Beatty-Kingston—and was struck by the wonderful good temper and kindly feeling of the book. It is supremely interesting to all who have any knowledge whatever of the great events and the prominent people in the musical world, but to me its great charm is the gentle nature which inspired and pervades it. Another feature in which it reflects the man himself is found in the humour which constantly ripples up, to the delight of the reader. A kindly, affectionate nature, lightness of heart allied to the gift of music and high endeavour have enabled Signor Arditi to live an industrious and beneficent life and to find himself in well-earned retirement, in the best of health and spirits, at the age of eighty. His wife, who is frequently mentioned in his *Reminiscences*, is happily still with him to prove, as she has ever been, his great helpmate, and he has further cheer in the affection of his son and daughter. He will receive many congratulations on this his birthday, and they will be sincere as well as numerous.

It is impossible to do more within the limits of this article than cast a cursory glance at Signor Arditi's career, and from the hundreds of singers who have appeared under his direction I can only mention a few of the names. These include Adelina Patti, Madame Albani, Giulia Grisi, Etelka Gerster,

Minnie Hauk, Melba, Christine Nilsson, Nordica, Marietta Piccolomini, Ella Russell, Marie Roze, Sontag, Thérèse Titiens, and Madame Valleria among the sopranos. Alboni, Patey, Antoinette Stirling, and Trebelli have also sung under his direction, as have Campanani, Edward Lloyd, Mario, Nicolini, and Sims Reeves among the tenors. But to enumerate one-quarter of the singers who have appeared under his bâton would be a lengthy task.

The list of Signor Arditi's own compositions is, to be precise, eighty-nine, including "Il Bacio" and "Se Saran Rose." He also arranged the following operatic selections:



THE OCTOGENARIAN COMPOSER

Signor Arditi, and a bar of his most famous song in autograph

Lohengrin, *Tannhäuser*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Aida*, *Moses in Egypt*, *Cinq Mars*, and *Die Walküre*. Among other works produced by him for the first time in London are Saint-Saëns' "Dance Macabre" and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette." He also had the honour of directing the initial representations in England of some twenty-seven operas, including *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Mefistofele*, *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and *Hänsel and Gretel*.

It is interesting to note that Brighton, where Signor Arditi now resides, witnessed one of his earliest and greatest triumphs. This was the first rendering of "Il Bacio," which for so many years has found a prominent place in the *répertoire* of Adelina Patti. "Never," says the composer, "had a song been written under so many difficulties or in so short a space of time; never was a song learned so rapidly or delivered more admirably than 'Il Bacio' was when sung in Brighton by Piccolomini in 1860." Signor Arditi sold the song which had so much to do with his fame for a small sum, but if he did not make much money by "Il Bacio" it led to an amusing incident. When travelling on the continent Signor Arditi and his friend, Signor Beignani, invested in "cuckoo" clocks, and at a certain customs house the latter was made to pay a heavy duty. When it came to Signor Arditi's turn the examining officer threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Mein Gott, are you the Signor who composed 'Il Bacio'?" and promptly allowed the delighted composer and his clock to pass without payment. The song was then (1869) at the zenith of its popularity.

Signor Arditi's account of the London production of *Hänsel and Gretel* is particularly interesting to all lovers of that charming work. While engaged in conducting the Carl Rosa Opera Company in the provinces in 1894 he had been asked to look over the score of the opera with a view to its English representation. "From the moment that my eyes lighted on that exquisite music," he says, "I knew that it could not fail to become a sensational success. We had, however, great impediments to contend with prior to the production of the work, our principal trouble being the difficulty in finding a theatre. At last we arranged with George Edwardes to take Daly's Theatre for three weeks beginning on Boxing Night, and *Hänsel and Gretel* was put into active rehearsal immediately on my return to London." Daly's Theatre, then, had the honour of first staging Humperdinck's delightful opera, then came Drury Lane, the Gaiety, and the Savoy. In the present year of grace *Hänsel and Gretel* has been heard in the open air, at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. But no matter where it is given the verdict passed upon it by Signor Arditi has been amply endorsed.

AUSTIN BRERETON.



Reutlinger
OTERO AT THE ALHAMBRA

I have never been able to understand the prominence given to foreign artists on the music-hall stage except on the theory that the public of the Empire, Alhambra, and the Palace are quite the cosmopolitan and English only in a geographical sense. Certain it is that the present is the great season for the foreign visitor. The Alhambra has got the beautiful Otero, Liane de Pougy is at the Palace, and Odette Dulac at the Empire.

Odette Dulac may be said to have succeeded—in fact, more than succeeded—Yvette Guilbert in the hearts of the Parisian public. Yet in comparing the new star to the old one must admit that the comparison chiefly arises from the fact that Dulac stands head and shoulders above her compeers of to-day, in the same way that Guilbert eclipsed all other *diseuses* of a decade ago. They have both become stars of exceptional magnitude in a country of severe critics, and they both belong to the type of artist so easily described by the French word *diseuse*, a word which no one has yet succeeded in adequately rendering in English.

But after that the comparison is at an end.

To begin with, without intending any disparagement to that great artist, Yvette Guilbert, she could scarcely have been called a pretty woman, and she had no figure to speak of. Dulac is pretty, and she is supposed to have one of the best figures in France. Dulac has nothing of the strangely fascinating personality of Yvette Guilbert; nothing of the bitterness and scourging irony with which the latter endowed her songs. For instance, should Dulac attempt her predecessor's

Foreigners on the Music-hall Stage.

répertoire, she would probably eclipse her in the rendering of "Ma Grandmère," but would be unable to tackle such songs as "La Soularde" and "La Tête" with which Madame Guilbert was wont to terrify her audiences. The personality of Dulac possesses a wonderful charm, an infinite seduction, an all-conquering adaptability which enables her to be kittenish and *câline* in her old songs of 1830; tender and sentimental in the ballads of the second Empire; piquant and essentially a Parisienne in her modern songs, which are written for her by the first poets and musicians in Paris. Someone has aptly called her "the Rejane of the café concert stage," and as another critic has said that the Rejane type is the very quintessence of that adorable creature, the true Parisienne, the latter description may stand for Dulac also.

Dulac has been eight years on the stage and scored many successes in light opera before the opportunity of her life arrived when Fursy took over the old Chat Noir, and she became his star. Since that time Paris has gone mad over her. She has been secured for England through the agency of Mr. C. B. Cochran, and opened at the Empire last week at the three-figure salary which makes one's mouth water to think of.

The best pictures of a ballet I have ever seen are those which have been issued by the Empire people illustrating *Old China*. They are reproductions of Wilhelm's sketches and have been most charmingly lithographed in Genoa. The series is issued as picture post cards, and should be got by all collectors of that curious aspect of philately.



ODETTE DULAC AT THE EMPIRE

Most of the foreigners connected with the music-halls are concerned in the training of performing animals, which are, with a few exceptions, imported from the Continent. Many of these performers are ex-acrobats, circus riders, or performers of some kind, and in many cases they do not train the animals—that being done by trainers who never appear before the public themselves, but hire out the animals. It may be said in these columns once again that a great deal of brutality goes on in the training of animals such as would make the blood of spectators boil if only they could see rehearsals. I have known performers threaten a critic for exposing one of these rehearsals, but these cases are unfortunately not brought into court; if they were the eyes of the public would be widely opened.

Again, many acrobatic troupes are of foreign, mostly German, origin. The reason, of course, is that whereas with us the circus is a languishing institution, it flourishes in French and German cities. Among foreign "artistes" one may recall Cinquevalli, the marvellous balancer, the Neiss troupe, and the wonderful Schafers. Of recent years America has sent us an increasing army of "artistes" in all departments. They are much nimbler in every way than most of our own "artistes," although of course they will not readily displace the native comedians who understand our life as no foreigner can hope to. In other departments, however, the home-grown "artiste" will have to look to it that he is not dispossessed, for there is no such thing as fair trading in entertainments.



Hana
A DUET FROM "IN JAPAN" AT THE ALHAMBRA

The figures in the picture are Miss Dean, who plays the country girl, Dédé, the heroine of Mr. Bensusan's ballet, and Miss Slack as Toreo, her Japanese lover

English History as Taught in a Music-hall.



EDWARD I.

Represented by Mr. Ernest Marner



EDWARD II.

Represented by Mr. Marriott Edgar



EDWARD III.

Represented by Mr. Percy Stephens

It is a curious thing as I have noted in these pages before that the music-halls have practically monopolised all reference to the coronation. As it turned out they were rather lucky, but the halls were representing the only coronation that has occurred. We have got the ballets at the Alhambra and the Empire, while at the Pavilion we have a "patriotic song scena" entitled *The Seven Edwards*. The scena is written by Mr. Richard Elton and the music is composed by Mr. Denham Harrison.

It consists of a series of tableaux explained by Mr. Reddick Anderson, who appears at first in the picturesque red great coat of a Lifeguardsman. Mr. Anderson himself becomes the last tableau, King Edward VII., by divesting himself of the aforesaid great coat and appearing as a field-marshal—with what success the photograph reproduced gives a good idea. The whole thing goes well from first to last.



EDWARD VII. AND PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

Represented by Mr. Reddick Anderson and Master Thomas Jones

One does not wish to take a music-hall too seriously, but one need not be a prig to applaud the mounting of an intelligent tableau such as the *Seven Edwards* series at the Pavilion. One gets tired of perpetual excursions on the music-hall stage into the seamy side of London life, however cleverly it may be done. Of course this is not the first time that the halls have contributed their quota to the lighter appreciation of a national moment—we all remember the jingo song of the "Great Macdermott."

Much better have been the excellent entertainments grouped round big events which Mr. Dundas Slater has introduced from time to time at the Alhambra, notably his excellent military ballet, one of the most instructive and interesting entertainments I have ever seen in a music-hall. The two coronation ballets now running might have been more literally treated, but they are both movements in the right direction.



EDWARD IV.

Represented by Mr. Roland Wright



EDWARD V.

Represented by Master Ernest Cooke



EDWARD VI.

Represented by Mr. Frank Graus

Hana



THE FIJIAN TROOPS WHO ARE NOW ENCAMPED IN LONDON

Russell

Danny, "Out Over."

What cheer, Danny, out over,
So quiet amid the noise!
When the spikes are ripe on the clover
We'll be welcoming back the boys;
When the harvest yellows and mellow,
And the grouse on the wing go strong,
We'll say "how do" to the fellows—
And you not coming along!

Danny, old man, we miss you;
Can't you get out and come?
There's a sister wishing to kiss you,
A brother wanting his chum;
And pals, good pals, who will gather
From all the ends of the earth
To babble and buzz and blather—
And you not one in the mirth!

Danny, the fighting's finished,
We've signed in a business way;
The army'll be diminished
(Though someone'll have to stay).
Can't you just stow your gun with
The first that'll feel the screw?
You volunteered and you're done with,
And we want you, Danny—we do!

Why don't you answer, Danny?
And where have they put your things?
And where have they put you, Danny?—
That's where the trouble stings!
You volunteered and you're done with,
You good old Danny, and now
You turn and turn to the sun with
The buried dopper and vrow!

One of the many we sent there
To set the Empire right;
One of the many who went there
Handy, and filled with fight;

Honest, and slow, and homely,
And one of the very best;
The Lord made your nature comely,
And the Lord has given you rest!

FOR AMATEUR PHOTO-GRAPHERS ONLY

A Monthly Prize of £5 for the best Photograph

Until further notice "The Tatler" is offering a prize of £5 every month for the most interesting amateur photograph. Photographs (snapshots or time-exposures) may deal with any subject—sporting, social, theatrical, or eccentric. No photograph will be returned and the Editor reserves the right of publishing any photographs received, but for every photograph published payment will be made. The photographs should be carefully packed and addressed to the Kodak Editor, "The Tatler," Great New Street, E.C., and have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back

But some day, Danny, I'm thinking
(Of you and the like of you)
When we're all together a-drinking,
And fighting the war anew;

Arguing the whole red matter,
Talking right khaki-drab,
Charging again in chatter,
Volleying boast and blab,

Weighing up this man and that—
With praise for the Boer, and blame—
Manoeuvring in chaff and chat,
And settling the whole damned game,
Then, Danny, all in a second
The thousands we left behind,
The unreturned and unreckoned,
Will finger the lips of the mind,

And hush us along one minute
To give a chance for a thought
With all the majesty in it
Of lads who sleep where they fought—
That silent, conquering number
To whom no city goes out,
Not to be moved from slumber
By drums and the great crowd's shout!

We ran up a heavy bill, Dan,
And then it was time to pay;
We took that time with a will, Dan,
We wiped the debit away.
Our land aroused and bethought her,
Patient she was, and true;
We paid for our sins with slaughter,
And, Danny, we paid with you!

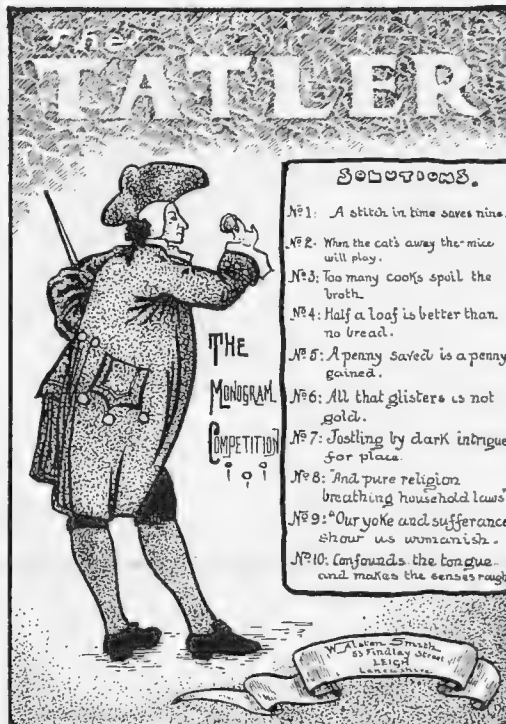
Bless you, Danny, out over—
You, and those others there!
The bees will come to the clover;
The wheat will burn to the air;
And some day, ripened in order,
Our land shall garner her meed—
Harvest in that far border
Where you were sown for a seed!

ROBERT GEORGE LEGGE.

RESULT OF OUR MONOGRAM COMPETITION.

The List of Winners, continued from Last Week.

Cheshire, John, 22, Stanley Road, New Ferry, near Birkenhead
 Chilver, F., Keble College, Oxford
 Chorley, R. F., Chapel Close, Kendal
 Christie, Mrs., Drumna House, Whetstone, N.
 Clark, F. W. F., Glen Caladh, Kyles of Bute, Argyllshire
 Clark, George A., Curling Hall, Largs, Ayrshire, Scotland
 Clarke, Frances, Oakhurst, the Forest, Walthamstow
 Clarke, Mrs. H., Haverthwaite, Ulverston
 Clarkson, Margaret S., 13, West Hill, Highgate, N.
 Clay, E. C., 84, Eaton Terrace, S.W.
 Cleaver, Mrs. M. A., Dunraven, Belfast
 Cleugh, Alexander, 36, High Street East, Sunderland
 Clitheroe, Mrs. Stevenson, East Molesey
 Coa ley, May G., Skibbereen, Cork
 Cooksedge, Miss A., Whyke House, Chichester
 Cockshot, J. Cheetham, 17, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.
 Codd, Miss V. G. M., the Hollies, 12, Lancaster Road, Brighton
 Coghill, C. P., Frankville, Athboy, Meath, Ireland
 Coleman, Miss Mary M., Coton Villa, Erdington, near Birmingham
 Colhoun, Miss, Monks Hatch, Horsham
 Collier, Ernest, 22, Picton Place, Carmarthen
 Collins, Miss Violet, 24, Oakroyd Terrace, Bradford, Yorkshire
 Colville, Miss Nellie, 2, Norwich Road, Forest Gate, E.
 Commins, C. H., Clewer, Windsor
 Connolly, Miss Olivia, 20, Wickham Rd., St. John's, S.E.
 Coombs, Edgar, 95, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, N.
 Coombes, Thos. H., the Myrtles, Croydon Road, Anerley, S.E.
 Cooper, W. C., 9, Milton Road, Hornsey Lane Gardens, Highbury
 Cope, R. Percy Haden, North Malvern Vicarage, Malvern
 Coppard, C. W., 88, Hawksley Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
 Coppel, Mrs. G. G., 239, Graham Rd., Rannmoor, Sheffield
 Corner, Mrs., Crostwright Rectory, Norwich
 Corry, E. D., Redroofs, Galwally Park, Belfast
 Cotterell, C. Vincent, 76, Grosvenor Street, W.
 Cotton, Arthur, Woodcote, Knebworth, Herts
 Cotton, T. S. jun., Gainsford, Chase Ridings, Enfield
 Coulrough, Mrs. Florence Mary, 234, Burton Road, West Didsbury, Manchester
 Coulson, Miss F., Lythecourt, Tiverton, Devon
 Conlson, Henry, Silpho, Scalby, R.S.O., Yorks
 Coulton, T. E., 2, Bedford Road, Crouch End, N.
 Courage, Mrs. Charles, Woodcote, Ascot
 Cowie, Mabel, c.o. Dr. Haslewood, 2, Aston Lane, Aston Manor, near Birmingham
 Cox, W. G., 46, Burnt Ash Road, Lee, Kent
 Cozens, W. G., St. Benedict St., Glastonbury, Somerset
 Crawford, R. D., 32, Wellington Park, Belfast, Ireland
 Crawford, Lieut.-Col. R., Naval and Military Club, W.
 Crawshaw, Gertrude, Hingham, Norfolk
 Cromer, Miss Geraldine, Beeston Regis Hall, Cromer
 Cresswell, Ernest, 11, Lansdowne Crescent, Kensington Park, W.
 Croall, Miss Mabel, the Vicarage, Sevenoaks, Kent
 Crocker, Richard R., 45, Erpingham Road, Putney, S.W.
 Croker, Miss J., 14, Lypiatt Terrace, Cheltenham
 Crompton, Mrs., Flower Lilies, Windley, Derby
 Crook, J. J., Avonmore, Cambridge Road, King's Heath, Birmingham
 Crook, Miss E., Cloughton House, near Garstang, Lancs
 Cross, Mrs. Edward, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire
 Crosse, Mrs. S. M., 2, Claremont, Saundersfoot, Pem., S. Wales
 Crossley, E., 9, Montagu Street, Portman Square, W.
 Crossman, Percy, Boxted House, Colchester
 Crowden, Mrs. C., Grassington, Heathfield, Sussex
 Cullen, Mrs. Horace, 11, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.
 "Cupin," Forest Gate, Liss, Hants
 Curgenven, Mrs., 4, Clifton Park Road, Clifton
 Curley, Captain H. J., 6, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W.
 Curtis, L. H., 1, Lombard Street, E.C.
 Curtis, Mrs. M. E., 86, Chelsea Gardens, S.W.
 Curtis, Mrs., Orpington, Kent
 Cutler, George A., West Bank, Lewisham Hill, S.E.
 Dacre, John, 14, Eaton Crescent, Clifton, Bristol
 Daltry, Miss M. M., Madeley Vicarage, Newcastle, Staffs
 Daniel, Thomas B., Sunrise Villa, Myland Rd., Colchester
 Dansey, Miss, Cams Hall, Fareham, Hants
 Dark, Charles, 4, Nene View, Peterborough
 Daunt, William, 51, Exmouth Street, W.C.



A CLEVER DESIGN SENT IN BY ONE OF THE COMPETITORS

Davie, Mrs. K. C., Kenilworth, St. John's Church Road, Folkestone
 Davies, Mrs. M. H. W., 24, High Street, Maryport, Cumberland
 Davies, H. V., Sefton House, Parson's Green, Fulham, S.W.
 Davies, F. H., 12A, Finsbury Square, E.C.
 Davidson, Miss Shirley, 81, Cranfield Road, Brockley
 Davis, Mrs., 21, Rusholme Road, Putney, S.W.
 Davis, Mrs. Elinor, 4, Castle Street, Barnstaple
 Day, Miss Beatrice, Zeitzer Strasse, 51, Leipzig, Germany.
 Deable, Miss Edith, Corinth Villa, Derby Road, South Woodford
 Dean, Wilfrid, 38, Station Road, Padiham
 Derwent, A. Holmes, Grosvenor House, Chorlton-cum-Hardy
 De Solla, Miss Haidie, 11, Endsleigh Street, Tavistock Square, W.C.
 Dickinson, Mrs. F., 9, Parkdale, Wolverhampton, Staffs
 Dickinson, T. M. L., 20, Radnor Park Gardens, Folkestone
 Dipstale, Frederick Henry, 38, Sydney Mansions, Marlborough Road, Bowes Park, N.
 Dobb, G. H., 20, the Avenue, Newton Abbot
 Dobson, Charles W., High Street, Stonehouse, Glos.
 Dodd, Mrs. Riccarton, Newcastle, N.B.
 Dodman, Miss E., Caley Hall Farm, Hunstanton, Norfolk
 "Drumms," the Maisonettes, Old Church Lane, Stanmore
 Donaldson, W. L., St. George's, Ascot
 Douglas, K. T., Tantallon, Sherborne, Dorset
 Dowling, J. S., 33, St. James's Place, Toxteth Park, Liverpool
 Drage, Mildred, Sandhurst, South Cliff, Bridlington
 Drew, Miss, Oak House, Fallowfield, Manchester
 Droosten, Rev. P. H., the Rectory, Bingham, Nottingham
 Duckering, E., the Poplars, Kirton Lindsey
 Duff, Mrs., Frampton Court, Dorchester
 Duke, Mrs. F. W., 11, Pilmour Links, St. Andrews, Scotland
 Duleep Singh, Princess Sophia, Faraday House, Hampden Court
 Duleep Singh, Princess Victor, Old Buckenham Hall, Attleborough, Norfolk
 Dundas, Lady Alice, West Stoke House, Chichester
 Duplantier, Miss Edith, 185, Belsize Road, West Hampstead
 Dutta, J. B., 12, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, W.
 Dyer, Mrs. A., 5, Blenkarne Road, S.W.
 Dyson, F., 8, Park Terrace, Cambridge
 Eads, Arthur R., ye Denne, 55, Galveston Rd., E. Putney
 Earwaker, Mrs., Manor House, Buxton, Derbyshire

Eason, Miss M. C., Westwood Park, Forest Hill, S.E.
 Eccles, Mrs. Verdon, the Deputy Gov. House, Borstal, Rochester
 Edwardes, Miss Leta, Rise Park, Hull
 Edwards, L. A., 60, Victoria Terrace, King Street, Stretford, Manchester
 Edwards, Miss, the Gables, Folkestone
 Eggar, Miss Katherine E., Mougomeries, Lansdowne Road, Hove
 Eggar, T. M., Magdalen College, Oxford
 Eglen, E. Agnes, 24, Alfred Road, Cloughton, Birkenhead
 Elliot, Miss Clare, British Agency, Sofia, Bulgaria
 Elliot, Miss Mary M., Ardtornish, Morvern, Argyllshire
 Elliot, Millicent, Carley Lodge, Sunderland, Durham
 Elliott, Rev. H. V., St. John's Parsonage, Keswick
 Ellis, Lily, Bodriggy House, Hayle, Cornwall
 Ellis, Mrs. W. W., Ben Wyvis, Highgate, N.
 Elsmere, Miss M. A., St. John's Vicarage, Grant-ham
 Elsmie, Annette M., Cothal, Fintray, Aberdeen-shire
 Emmott, James, 29, Jowett St., Bradford, Yorks
 Ereat, Edgar J., Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey
 "Esperanado," Portland House, Walton-on-Thames
 Evans, Miss M. A., 72, Montpelier Road, Brighton, Sussex
 Evans, Herbert, Greville Lodge, Walm Lane, Willesden Green, S.W.
 Fagan, Mrs. Blanche, Swayfield, Grantham
 Fair, John St. F., Monk's Grove, Chertsey
 Farrant, Mrs., Brook Heath, Sarisbury, Southampton
 Farrer, F. R., Ivydene, Crescent Road, Crouch End Hill, N.
 Farrington, Frank, 135, Broadhurst Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Fay, W. P., 12, Ormond Road, Palmerston Park, Dublin
 Felce, Miss Dorothy, Kenmure Lodge, Elgin Avenue, W.
 Fell, William, Beech Bank, Ulverston
 Fellows, Miss Bettina, Beeston Fields, Nottingham
 Ferris, Miss Cécile, 244, Walworth Road, S.E.
 Fewtrell, George, the Willows, Alnwick
 Fisk, William, High Street, St. Albans, Herts
 Fitch, Miss Winifred, 25, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, W.
 Fitzgerald, Edward, 10, Greyhound Mansions, West Kensington, W.
 FitzRoy, Mrs., Hale Place, Farnham, Surrey
 Flemming, Leonard, 61, Goldhurst Terrace, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Fletcher, Charles E., Chevender, Chislehurst Common
 Fletcher, Miss K., Westfield Lodge, Bracknell
 Flower, Mrs. A. D., the Hill, Stratford-on-Avon
 Flood, H., Rowborough, Cookham, Berks
 Ford, Colin M., Thuxton, Attleborough, Norfolk
 "Forestwide," 14, King St., Tudhoe Grange, Spennymoor
 Forster, Matthew, Bishop Middleham Hall, Ferry Hill, Durham
 Forsyth, Lily, Leigh Lodge, Wardle Road, Sale, Cheshire
 Fortescue, Miss C., 3, St. Mark's Crescent, St. Heliers, Jersey
 Forwood, Mrs. S. B., 54, Wellington Rd., Oxtou, Cheshire
 Foster, E. E., London Road, Kettering
 Foster, Percival, Penfillan House, Sandgate Road, Folkestone
 Fowler, Mrs. S. R., 20, Willoughby Road, Hampstead
 Fox, Cecil H., R.N., H.M.S. *Impregnable*, Devonport
 Fox, Miss, Grove Hill, Falmouth
 Frampton, N. P., 3, Hans Crescent, S.W.
 Frangopulo, Mrs. John, 12, Third Avenue, Hove
 Frank, Mrs. Howard, Rushall, Wimbledon Common
 Frank, W., 87, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W.
 Franklyn, Miss H., Longcroft, Yoxall, Burton-on-Trent
 Fraser, Miss Margaret, 27, Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.
 Fremantle, Mrs. Reginald, 5, Sloane Gardens, S.W.
 Frowd, Rose, Church House, Hassocks, Sussex
 Fulcher, C., 11, Kingdon Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Furst, Waldo, c.o. International Bank of London, Ltd. Winchester House, 50, Old Broad Street, E.C.
 Gabbey, Walter G., 6, Granville Villas, Sandhurst Road, Belfast
 Gandhi, N. H., 12, Market Passage, Cambridge
 Gardner, Miss, Barnsbury House, Fulbourn, Cambs
 Gardner, Robert, York Lane Mills, Belfast
 Garrett, Margaret Lois, 13, Nottingham Place, Baker Street, W.

Garrett, Lieut. Peter B., R.N., H.M.S. *Andromache*, North Shields
 Gault, R., 19, College Gardens, Belfast
 Germaine, Miss E. M., 65, Trinity Road, Wood Green, N.
 Gethin, Miss Lillian, Essex Villa, Chester Road, Kidderminster
 Gibson, Alfred A.
 Gibson, Arthur H., 53, Osborne Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Gibson, T. A., 3, Windsor Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Gidley, Miss E. C., Hoopern House, Exeter
 Gillespie, Mabel Lockhart, 12, Walker Street, Edinburgh
 Gilman, Mrs. C. S., 41, St. Giles Street, Norwich
 Ginn, J. W., 11, Courtenay Street, Plymouth
 Glanfield, Miss Lily, Hale End, Woodford Green, Essex
 Godman, Mrs. F., South Lodge, Horsham
 Goldstein, Herbert M., 10, Springfield Gardens, Upper Clapton, N.
 Goodhart, H. D., Lambourne Rectory, Romford
 Gooding, Miss, Durlough Elms, Bridgwater, Somerset
 Gordon, Miss Beatrice, 11, Hartington Gardens, Edinburgh
 Gordon, Nellie H., 46, Forest Road, Aberdeen
 Gordon, Miss Lillian, Villa Alpina, Arosa, Switzerland
 Gower, Mrs. Ethel, 54, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N.E.
 Graham, James W., 163, York Street, Hulme, Manchester
 Grant, Capt. W. H., Castle Malwood, Lyndhurst
 Grazebrook, Mrs. Ward, Walton Cottage, Chesterfield
 Greenbank, Arthur, 95, Greencroft Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Greenway, Major C. E., Tynedale House, Hexham, Northumberland
 Greenwood, Miss Alice M., Fairmount, Ilkley, Yorkshire
 Greet, P. Anstey, Glenfield, Esher, Surrey
 Grellet, Miss May, Orford Lodge, Hitchin, Herts
 Greville, H. E., 31, Upper Berkeley St., Portman Sq., W.
 Grey, Captain, H., R.N., 17, Esplanade Gardens, Scarborough
 Griffin, Mrs. Almeric, Marsh Court, Leominster, Herefordshire
 Griffin, Miss Ida, Colehurst Lodge, Worcester
 Griffin, W. Snoad, Raby House, Leyland Road, Lee, S.E.
 Griffin, Miss, Court Garden, Marlow, Bucks
 Griffiths, Mrs. Leonard, 17, Abingdon Mansions, Kensington, W.
 Griffiths, James, 210, Elms Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
 Grimston, E., Cooldaragh, Upper Bangor, N. Wales
 Gripper, Mrs. Harold, West Wickham, Kent
 Groves, Bertram C. R., Medina House, Union Street, E. Cowes, Isle of Wight
 Gruning, Henry H., 3, Blakesley Avenue, Ealing, W.
 Hall, Mrs. A. E., Woodlawn, Carrickfergus, near Belfast, Ireland
 Hall, Miss Bessie, Russell House, Bradford, Yorks
 Halley, James H., Rolighed, Broughty Ferry, W. Dundee, N.B.
 Hampson, F., Buxhall, Stowmarket
 Hanks, Mary B., 39, Ashburnham Road, Belvedere, Kent
 Hann, H. F., Westhall Villa, 54, Wood Vale, Forest Hill, S.E.
 Hardy, Mrs. H. R., Thrift Hall, Waltham Abbey
 Harmer, Alex., 12, West Street, Congleton
 Harper, H. Cecil, Lynton House, Stowmarket, Suffolk
 Harper, R. T., 32, Baker Street, W.
 Harris, General P. H. F., Villa Britannia, Bad-Nauheim, Germany
 Harrison, F. K., Aylwards, Stanmore
 Harrison, George, Radford House, Stone, Staffs
 Harrison, Mrs. G. C., Glencorse, Godalming
 Hart, Mrs. F. G., Easthorpe, Epping, Essex
 Hartley, J. D., Cottesmore, Brentwood
 Hartopp, Miss, 4, St. Leonards Terrace, Chelsea
 Harvey, S. L., 5, Osborne Road, Clifton, Bristol
 Hawley, Mrs., Leicester Grange, Hinckley
 Hawtre, M. C., St. Michael's, Westgate-on-Sea
 Hawtre, Gilbert, St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H., U.S.A.
 Hay, Mrs. James, 6, Beaconsfield Place, Aberdeen
 Haycraft, Miss Edith, the Anchorage, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, N.
 Hayes, Miss Florence, 33, High Street, Guildford, Surrey
 Haybow, Hermine, 112, Broomwood Road, S.W.
 Hayman, Miss Doris, Highfield, Chislehurst Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
 Haynes, Mrs., 120, Mount Street, W.
 Hayward, Mrs. R., the Elms, West Chinnock, Crewkerne
 Headley, Arthur W. A., 11, Burlington Gardens, Chiswick
 Heard, Lieut.-Colonel E. S., Broadway, Sandhurst, Berks
 Hebditch, Miss E. M., Athelney Villa, Worple Rd., Epsom
 Hebditch, Edwin, Rock Avenue, Barnstaple, North Devon
 Hellyer, Miss M., 43, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent
 Hepworth, Mrs. Tre Castel, Beaumaris, Anglesey
 Herbert, Mrs. C., Montagu House, Sidmouth
 Hernon, Muriel, Wrexham Road, Chester
 Hern, Hugh, 48, Wood Street, Northampton
 Hewetson, Lt.-Col. R., Clifford End, Boston Spa, Yorks
 Hickin, Mrs. L. B., St. Peter's Vicarage, Rochester
 Highton, Miss Winifred, Hillside, Lower Warlingham, Surrey
 Hignett, Mrs., Shandon, Chester
 Hill, Capt. H. B., Headquarters, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent
 Hindley, George Henry, 202, Seabank Road, New Brighton, near Liverpool
 Hirst, G. G., 88, Boundary Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Hirst, Miss B., 19, Perryn Road, Acton
 Hobson, Mrs. G. A., Coverdale Cottage, King's Road, Richmond, S.W.
 Hobson, Miss, West Elloe Lodge, Worthing
 Hodges, J. H., Churchdown, Cheltenham
 Hodgson, A. J., 4, Brunswick Hill, Reading
 Hodson, Mrs. Edward, Orpington, Kent

Hodson, F. M., Twyford, Athlone, Ireland
 Hoggett, Thomas J., 78, Lofthouse Place, Leeds
 Holland, Charles, Meadow Bank, Farnham, Surrey
 Hollway, Mrs. Margaret, Crumlin House, Dublin, Ireland
 Holmes, Mrs. W. E., 36, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin
 Hopkins, Mrs. Walter S., Mount House, 32, Granville Gardens, W. Kensington, W.
 Hopkins, the Priory, Roehampton, S.W.
 Horden, Dr. A. G., Argyll House, Sea Road, Boscombe
 Hore, Mrs., Upton, Bagenalstown
 Horsford, H. T., 26, College Road, Clifton, Bristol
 Horspool, Mrs. J., 2, Tite Street, S.W.
 Houldsworth, Margaret C., 35, Grosvenor Place, S.W.
 Hounsfield, Dr. S. C., York Cottage, Stowmarket, Suffolk
 Houghton, Joseph William, 24, Elvaston Road, Hexham, Northumberland
 Howell, Miss Dorothy, Carlton Villa, Yeovil
 Hoyde, W. J. Dela, the Hermitage, Alma Road, Windsor
 Hulbert, Mrs. M., 16, Second Avenue, Hove, Sussex
 Humphry, Herbert V., 11, Endsleigh Street, Tavistock Square, W.C.
 Hunt, Thomas, 19, York Street, Heywood, Lancs
 Hunt, Mrs. Gertrude E., Elmbyrst, Newton Abbot
 Hunt, W. Sydney, A.C.A., the Hawthorns, Baker Street, Nottingham
 Hunt, Miss, 36, Alleyn Park, West Dulwich, S.E.
 Hunt, Gilbert C., 35, Trefoil Rd., New Wandsworth, S.W.
 Hunter-Blair, the Rev. D. Oswald, 103, Woodstock Road, Oxford
 Hutchinson, Mrs., Dunwood, Endon, near Stoke-on-Trent
 Hutchinson, Miss N. Hely, Seafield, Donabate, Dublin, Ireland
 "Hyffu," Bryn-y-gwes, Gresford, N. Wales
 Ide, Harry, Glynn Cottage, Oxford Road, Guildford
 Ingram, Mrs. E. R., care of Frau Massen, Königstrasse, Marne, Holstein, Germany
 Ison, W. E., Halford Lodge, Biddenham, Beds
 Jackson, Arthur E., 24, Lovers' Lane, Newark
 Jackson, Mr. Fred, 5, St. James's Terrace, Dairy House Road, Derby
 Jacobs, Mrs. A. M., the Warren Hill, New Brighton, Cheshire
 "Jako," Clare Hall, Raheny, Dublin
 James, Miss Edith, Holly House, Broughton, Kettering, Northamptonshire
 Jaques, Miss Edith A., Larchfield, Bickley, Kent
 Jarratt, J. A., 25, Hillier Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.
 Jay, Phoebe, Esterel, Park Road, Wimbledon
 Jefferson, C. F., 8, Colville Road, Leytonstone, Essex
 Jeffery, Mrs. Elizabeth J., 35, Leppoc Rd., Clapham, S.W.
 Jeffree, J. S., 102, Orford Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow
 Jenkins, Miss E. Vaughan, Energlyn, St. Margaret's Road, Oxford
 Jenkin, W. A., 10, Dean Terrace, Liskeard, Cornwall
 Jenner-Fust, Miss Philippa, 2, Westbourne Rd., Southport
 Jewell, B. S., Larchwood, Tunbridge Wells
 Johnson, Mrs. F. G., the Royal Academy, Gosport
 Johnson, F. G. L., H.M.S. *Vixen*, Devonport
 Johnson, J. F., 11, St. John's Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.
 Johnson, Roland, 57, Stockfield Road, Streatham, S.W.
 Johnson, Tom, 41, Windermere Road, Kendal
 Johnson, Arthur, 3, Rudloe Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
 Jones, Miss Bertha, Langdale Chase, Windermere
 Jones, C. E. G., Nantyrhoglan, Llandovery
 Jones, Mrs. Cuthbert Lewis, 71, Hurstbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
 Jones, Mrs. H. A., 6, Windsor Road, Forest Gate
 Jones, R. H., Brooklands, Manor Road, Sutton Coldfield
 Jones, W. M., 9, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead
 Jones, Robert, c.o. Costain and Sons, Blundellsands, near Liverpool
 Joubert, Miss, the Ferns, Weybridge, Surrey
 Judd, Charles, Beaulieu, Brockenhurst, Hants
 Kay, J. A., 14, Goldhurst Terrace, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Kellaway, F. W., 53, Stirling Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham
 Kelsall, Henry, Ruberslaw, Cliffe N.B.
 Kemble, Miss K., Stratfield House, Mortimer, Berks
 Kent, H. B. B., 27, Belgrave Square, S.W.
 Keswick, Mrs. A. M., 9, Linden Road, Bedford
 Kidd, E. A., 12, Montpelier Row, Blackheath, S.E.
 Killingsworth, B., 2, Coleraine House, Nassau Street, W.
 Kimpton, W. H., Penrose, 11, Umfreville Road, Harrogate, N.
 King, A., 2, Lynton Road, Croydon
 King, Charles D. W., Willow Bank, Dunmow, Essex
 King, J. W., 4, Thornwood Ter., Partick West, Glasgow
 King, Miss Isabel B., Stour Bank, Stourport, Worcester-shire
 King-French, M., c.o. E. H. Buckland, Esq., Southgate House, Winchester
 Kingsford, Rev. R. L., 52, Madeira Park, Tunbridge Wells
 Kingston, Winifred, 6, Colville Terrace, W.
 Kirkham, Florence T., 26, Florence Road, Brighton
 Kirkpatrick, W. T., Sharston House, Northenden, Cheshire
 Kirton, Miss E. M., 20, Approach Road, Victoria Park, E.
 Kisch, Miss Muriel, 61, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.
 Kitchingman, Dawson, the Elms, Brecon, South Wales
 Kittermaster, F. J., 17, Hillmorton Road, Rugby
 Knight, A. L., Woodbank, Harden, near Bingley, Yorks
 Knight, C. Voughton, 2, Burton Street, Gloucester
 Knight, R. Clifton, Moorlands, Highbury, West Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Knight, S. C., Moorlands, Highbury, Newcastle-on-Tyne
 Krohn, Mrs. Alice, Maldon Court, Maldon, Essex
 Lamb, William H., 11, Winton Street, Leeds
 Larkin, Mrs., 50, St. Aubyn's, Hove, Sussex
 Lascelles, Miss Elizabeth C., Penmaen-dyfi, Machynlleth
 Lauder, E., 45, Blessington Street, Dublin
 Laws, Edward, 96, Kingwood Road, Fulham, S.W.
 Layard, Miss Nancy, Lorraine Cottage, Malvern

Lea, C. H., 196, Stockwell Road, Brixton, S.W.
 Leavey, Joseph C., 40, Cumberland Road, Acton, W.
 Lecky, Miss, the Farm, Londonderry, Ireland
 Lee, W. Corney, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport
 Leeson, Miss, 12, Stanthorpe Road, Streatham, S.W.
 Legg, Ethel Marguerite, 46, Springfield Road, Brighton, Sussex
 Legg, Mr. C., 50, Deauville Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
 Lemass, P. E., 4, Leeson Park, Rathmines, Dublin
 Lett, Miss K. L., Tomsallagh, Ferns, Wexford
 Levy, Dorothy, 190, Union Street, Plymouth
 Lewis, Miss A. G., Bluebell House, Inchicore, Dublin
 Lewis, Ernest C., 10, Kennington Terrace, Kennington Pk.
 Lichtenfeld, Mrs. H., 184, Belsize Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
 Lindley, Herbert H. E., Lyndhurst, 44, Heathwood Gardens, Charlton, S.E.
 Lindsey, Miss L., 91, London Road, Portsmouth, Hants
 Little, Miss C. Rosa, Baronshalt, the Barons, East Twickenham
 Litton, Frances, Raddon Court, Latchford, Warrington
 Liversedge, Miss Evelyn, 9, Beacon Close Terrace, New Brompton, Kent
 Liversedge, Mrs., 9, Beacon Close Terrace, New Brompton, Kent
 Liversidge, Amy, Mandeville, Lovelace Road, Surbiton
 Livingstone, Mrs. George Fenton, 62, Great King Street, Edinburgh
 Lloyd, Mrs., care of Collector and District Magistrate, Bangalore, South India
 Lochead, James, Borland, Swinton, Manchester
 Longman, Mrs. Arthur, Shendish, Hemel Hempstead, Herts
 Lord, Ethel M., Fairlawn, Grove Road, Sutton
 Lord, Margaret E., 63, Bouverie Road, West Folkestone
 Love, W. M., the Vicarage, Great Crosby, nr. Liverpool
 Loyd, Mrs. Frank, 55, Wilbury Road, Hove, Brighton
 Lyall, Miss Katie, the Rookery, Parkfield Road, Didsbury
 Lyons, J. Howard, 8, Sangora Road, St. John's Hill, S.W.
 Mabey, Miss E. M., Edgehill, Bideford, N. Devon
 Macbean, Miss, Park Holm, Buxton, Derbyshire
 MacCombie, Lesley, the Brook, Shooter's Hill, Kent
 Macfarlane, Malcolm J., 48, Garmoye Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool
 MacGregor, Norman, 8, Lyndhurst Gardens, Ealing Common, W.
 Maclean, E., Schoolhouse, Invergarry, N.B.
 MacMichael, Miss, Auchenault, Helensburgh, N.B.
 MacNamee, R., Regent Place, Nairn, N.B.
 Macpherson, A. R., Esplanade House, Marine Parade, Weston-super-Mare
 Macpherson, Miss Jean, Esplanade House, Weston-super-Mare
 Macpherson, Miss Cathy, Esplanade House, Weston-super-Mare
 Macpherson, Miss L., Esplanade House, Weston-super-Mare
 Macpherson, Hugh B., Esplanade House, Weston-super-Mare
 Macpherson, Miss Joan, the Manse, Dingwall, N.B.
 "Magunota," 3, Clarendon Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W.
 Maitland, Miss Marjorie, Winchfield House, Winchfield, Hants
 Malden, L. E., 31, High Street, E. Dereham, Norfolk
 Mallinson, Kate, the Grange, Eltham, Kent
 Malliss, Miss L. F. A., 30, Denning Rd., Hampstead, N.W.
 Mann, H. E., 25, Walpole Road, Strawberry Hill
 Mann, Philip, Narrabri, Cole Park, Twickenham
 Manning, Miss Mary C., 21, Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.
 "Maple Leaf," 10, Lancaster Rd., Westbourne Park, W.
 Marchant, Walter, Swansfield House, Alnwick
 Marindin, Mrs., St. Heliers, Camberley
 Marrable, Eva, 54, Coldershaw Road, Ealing Dean, Ealing, W.
 Martin, Major A. R. T., Glenville, Gordon Rd., Camberley
 Martin, Miss Edith C., 54, Sinclair Road, W.
 Martin, Mrs. D. C., Oakleigh, Stourport, Worcester
 Marshall, Miss J., 45, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 Marshall, Miss Ethel, Foxby House, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire
 Marston, Miss, Barnwood House, Gloucester
 Maskelyne, Miss, Great Stanmore, Middlesex
 Massingberd-Rogers, Mrs., 213, Clapham Road, S.W.
 Masters, Fred G., 146, Queen's Road, Bayswater
 Matheoda, F., Oakdene, Montalt Road, Woodford Green
 Matthews, Basil, 52, Friends Road, Croydon
 Matthews, J. W., Earls Colne, R.S.O., Essex
 Matthews, Dr. S., Oriel Lodge, Bickley, Kent
 Maughan, Miss Marguerite, St. Elmo, London Road, Norbury, S.W.
 Maunder, George Harvard, 86, Tyrwhitt Road, St. John's, S.E.
 May, Reginald, 80, Sedlescombe Rd., W. Brompton, S.W.
 Maynard, Mrs. E., Egginton Hall, Burton-on-Trent
 Maxwell-Lyte, Miss E., 3, Portman Square, W.
 Mayhew, Mr. Henry, Fairview, Hook Heath, Woking
 McAnally, Miss Ethel M., Falconhurst, Sidcup, Kent
 McCance, Mrs. M. D., Knocknagony, Strandtown, Belfast
 McCarthy, Miss Kate, Florence Villa, Addington Grove, Sydenham
 McCheane, Florence E., Wellbrook, Freshford, Kilkenny
 McCollam, Miss, Derby Road, Huyton, near Liverpool
 McCulloch, R. C., Buckingham Road, Winslow, Bucks
 McDermott, O. L., 32, Baskerville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
 McGeachin, George, Billiscombe, St. John's Road, Ipswich
 McKay, Mrs. D., Tower Cressy, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.

The list of winners will be continued next week.

Current Sports and Pastimes.



Hawkins

J. IREMONGER

Who played for the first time in a Gentleman v. Players match at Lord's last week

Malvern and Cambridge.—Mr. S. H. Day, who played so finely at Lord's in the 'Varsity match, is an old Malvern boy, and was last season captain of the Cambridge eleven. Except in his year of captaincy Mr. Day has always been particularly successful in the University match, having scored 50 runs or over on four occasions. From his school days Mr. Day has always been an exceptionally good and attractive batsman to watch.

The 'Varsity Match.—That the best side won at Lord's there can be little doubt, but there was not, on the whole, a great deal to choose between the two teams. There was one period in the match, however, when Oxford were in a very strong position, and that was at lunch-time on the first day when Dillon and Findlay had scored 100 runs without either losing his wicket. Never at any subsequent period were Oxford in so favourable a position, but the batting which came after this fine stand was of a most feeble character, and the failure to follow up a good start lost Oxford the match.

A Coming Cricketer.—To Mr. E. W. Dillon fell the honour of scoring most runs in the match, but the best batsman in the Oxford eleven was Mr. W. H. B. Evans, also a Malvernian. Mr. W. H. B. Evans recalls a name famous in the inter-'Varsity match—that of his uncle, Mr. A. H. Evans, who captained the Oxford eleven in 1881, the year Mr. A. G. Steel was the leader of the Light Blue team. Oxford won a memorable victory on that occasion, Mr. Evans bowling very finely in both innings. Mr. W. H. B. Evans is, like his uncle, an Oriel man, and was last season captain of the Malvern eleven. He appeared in the holidays for Worcestershire and made over 100 against Derbyshire. In addition to being a good cricketer, Mr. Evans is in the 'Varsity Soccer team, and helped his college to retain the Association Challenge Cup last winter. In style Mr. Evans strongly resembles Mr. R. E. Foster.

Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Dowson's Fine Bowling.—Cambridge depended entirely on Mr. E. R. Wilson and Mr. E. M. Dowson to get their opponents out. Had the two crack bowlers failed Oxford might have run up an enormous score, for the Light Blue change bowlers were not of a kind to inspire much dread; but luckily for Cambridge both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dowson bowled very well indeed; the former keeping on with the steadiness of an Attewell, and Mr. Dowson trying all sorts of tricks and using his head well. Oxford had a greater variety of bowling,



Hawkins

F. W. TATE

Who played last week at Lord's in his first Gentlemen v. Players match

A Royal Visitor to Lord's.—The attendance was not nearly as large as usual on the first day, but on the Friday and Saturday the ground wore a very gay appearance and the scene during the luncheon interval was as bright and animated as in any recent years. Amongst the spectators was King Lewanika of Barotseland, who was so keenly interested in the cricket that he is reported to have asked the M.C.C. to send out a team to that far-off country.

England's Defeat at Sheffield.—The Australians' victory at Sheffield will come as a great blow to English cricketers. It is not too much to say that our batting in both innings, especially in the second, was quite unworthy of so admittedly powerful a team. Mr. MacLaren, as is always the case when he has to fight an up-hill game, batted magnificently, but there were too many batting failures, though Mr. Jessop played a dashing innings, and Abel, who had so thoroughly earned his place in the England eleven, did well. Our bowling was not altogether satisfactory, Hirst especially being quite a failure, 90 runs being hit from him without his taking a wicket. England undoubtedly experienced the worst of the luck in having to bat in a bad light on the first evening of the match. From all one hears the umpires erred in not

stopping the game sooner than they did. Again, some rain during the night made the wicket rather difficult for the first hour or so on the Friday morning, but it is useless to make excuses, for the fact remains that the Australians were the better team in the three days play and thoroughly deserved their victory.

Ranji's Absence.—It was a thousand pities that Ranji was unable to play, for his magnificent innings at Leyton had proved him to be in his finest form. It is to be hoped that the injury to his leg will have recovered by the date of the fourth test match at Old Trafford, the ground on which Ranji scored 154 not



Darcy

T. C. ROSS

An Irish cricketer who played for the Gentlemen v. Players last week

but no one to compare with the two Cambridge champions, though Mr. Ernsthausen and Mr. Kelly showed distinct promise.

Cambridge well Ahead.—The match was the sixty-eighth between the two universities, Cambridge at present holding a lead of thirty-three victories to Oxford's twenty-nine. Mr. W. Findlay will be captain at Oxford next season and Mr. E. M. Dowson at Cambridge. I hope Mr. Dowson will handle the Light Blue eleven as skilfully as he skippered Harrow.



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT SHEFFIELD

The English players coming out to field. The three figures in the foreground are F. S. Jackson, G. L. Jessop, and A. C. MacLaren



CLEM HILL

Who scored 107 for Australia v. England at Sheffield

out for England v. Australia in 1896. There will probably be several alterations in the English team, and Mr. C. B. Fry, whose failure to score in the test matches has been one of the curiosities of cricket, can hardly hope to play again. Barnes, I should imagine, is pretty safe to be included, and perhaps Lockwood or Haigh will replace Hirst.

The Colonials' Fine Bowling.—Mr. Noble had as much as anyone to do with the victory of his side, his all-round cricket being quite one of the best features of the game. He played

Clem Hill's Century.—Mr. Darling and Mr. Kelly were unlucky enough to bag a brace, but Mr. Clem Hill played a fine innings of 119. It was not perhaps quite one of Mr. Hill's best innings, but for all that he played very finely indeed and put his side in a commanding position. This was his second 100 in test matches in this country, the first having been at Lord's in June, 1899.

Gentlemen v. Players.—The whole is greater than the part, and it was only to be expected that the defeat of England by Australia on Saturday should have detracted considerably from the interest taken in the Gentlemen v. Players match which began at Lord's on the following Monday. Who cares whether the amateurs beat the professionals or *vice versa* when a combination of both was not sufficient to cause the downfall of Australia? One would not care to say that the gentlemen were in any way dispirited by the events of the previous week, but more lifeless batting than they showed in both innings has not been seen at Lord's for many a long day. C. B. Fry's ill luck still followed him in the first innings, when Lockwood bowled him for 5, but his star seemed in the ascendant in the second innings, when he played an excellent innings of 59.

Braund and Lockwood.—Braund's performance overshadowed everything else in the match. To take five wickets for 29 runs and then play an innings of 141 is a feat that even in these days of records deserves more than a passing mention. Lockwood, too, not only made a century, his first in a Gentlemen v.



THE TEST MATCH AT SHEFFIELD

Barnes coming in to bat in England's first innings. The figure behind him is Clem Hill

Hirst and Rhodes.—The great Hirst-Rhodes combination did not account for a single wicket between them, a fact which, taken in conjunction with their comparative lack of success against Australia at Sheffield, seems to show that there is a certain amount of truth in the Australians' assertion that on a dry true wicket the famous Yorkshire players should have no terrors for first-class batsmen. But all bowlers, even when they come from Yorkshire, have an occasional off day.

The Authors v. Esher.

July 1, 1902

Summer, summer, child of fancy,
Summer, maid of mood and whim,
In the copse the cuckoo's calling,
O'er the field the swallows skim—
Dip and skim above the wicket,
While the silver, threaded rain,
Falling, falling, spoils our cricket,
Drives us from the pitch again.
Summer, summer, child of fancy,
April's daughter, wilful, vain!

Summer, summer, in our dreaming
We had played a noble game,
All our bowlers strong and crafty,
All our batsmen just the same.
While in slumbrous, tranquil sunshine
(Thro' a golden, perfect day)
We had thrashed our splendid foe
Ere we sped him on his way.

Summer, summer, we are sitting,
Trying hard to chat and smile,
Crowded in a hot pavilion,
Hoping hopelessly the while!
And the rain comes dripping, dropping,
Dripping from the slanting eaves,
Soaking on a ruined wicket,
Slipping from the shining leaves,
While the Authors, bored and weary,
Mighty men of name and fame,
Talk of last year's glorious weather
Or discuss our next year's game.

Next year, last year, they are nothing!
This year is the year we heed;
Summer, summer, you are with us,
But you mock us in our need.
Mock us first with frost and winter,
Now with rain instead of sun;
Summer, summer, April's daughter,
When will all your tricks be done?

MABEL MURRAY HICKSON.



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

The start for the 100 yards race. A. F. Duffy, the winner, is the figure at the left of the picture

a very good first innings, and throughout bowled admirably, making the ball come quickly off the pitch and getting on considerable work. Mr. Saunders has not the steadiness of most Australian bowlers, but he bowls a difficult ball, and his success in the first innings was well merited. Despite a painful blow on his injured thumb Mr. Trumble was in his best form in the final stage of the match, and his early dismissal of Mr. Jessop, Mr. Fry, and Tyldesley upset once and for all any chance England may have had of winning. It must be admitted, however, that England's chances of victory even at the beginning of the innings were small.

Players match, but bowled apparently as well as he has ever done in his life. At any rate none of the amateurs ever seemed comfortable with his bowling. I should say that after his performance at Lord's Lockwood may be regarded as a certainty for the next test match. At the beginning of the first innings Tate caused some of the Gentlemen, especially Ranjitsinghi, some difficulty, but on the whole he failed to justify his inclusion in the team, and the same may be said of Dowson, Jephson, and Ross, though possibly with a little more luck Ross might have taken two or three additional wickets. As it was he only got rid of Iremonger and Rhodes.

A FATAL HEADACHE.

A COMPLETE STORY. By F. C. Phillips.

From Mr. Greenway Damper, Hôtel Métropole, Rue Castiglioni, Paris, to Mr. Joseph Comins, 15A, High Street, Cambridge.

Paris, July 17, 1900.

DEAR JOE,—You asked me to write to you from Paris and to let you know how I got on, and I said that I would do so. I now fulfil my promise. As you know, after many futile and somewhat heated discussions we decided to visit the Paris Exhibition. Mrs. Damper was at first averse to the plan. She declared it was unpatriotic to spend money in Paris, that English ladies were insulted in the streets, that she did not care to have "Vivent les Boers" cried out at her wherever she went.

Now I am quite as patriotic as my wife, but I venture to think that I possess a more Christian and forgiving spirit. I told Mrs. Damper that we should love our enemies and be kind to their faults. The reasoning was perhaps vague but I carried the day, and here we are installed at the Hôtel Métropole for a fortnight's stay. The first few days passed uneventfully. We were both completely dazzled by the beauty of all we saw. We visited the so-called palaces, and I endeavoured to comment upon them with as great a display of learning as I could command. Mrs. Damper, however, did not care for the Rue de Paris, which we went through once, and she pronounced its "side shows" as tawdry and unattractive and unworthy of a second visit, and the mighty Creusot works with an aggressive "Long Tom" reaching far into space were passed by Mrs. Damper in silence, and the pavilion of the South African Republic, with its flower-bedecked statue of Mr. Kruger, she most carefully shunned.

Mrs. Damper generally says that she finds the heat and the crowd excessively trying, and on one or two occasions I have suggested that she should place herself in what they call a *fauteuil roulant*, which would be much less fatiguing for her. But Mrs. Damper always replies that she is a true British wife who knows that her proper place is by her husband's side, and she declares she would be afraid of losing me in the crowd. I know, my old friend Joe, that you will think that the idea was not altogether foreign to me when I made the suggestion. Perhaps you are right. Of course I gave way; I have to give way as a rule, for, as you recollect, I was only plain Mr. Greenway when I married her, and she bestowed upon me not only her name but also her fortune, and so we continue to trudge side by side. You shall hear from me again before long. — Sincerely yours, SAMUEL GREENWAY DAMPER.

From Mrs. Greenway Damper, Hôtel Métropole, Paris, to Mrs. Janeway, Acacia Lodge, Orwell, near Cambridge.

July 23, 1900.

DEAREST MARTHA,—Just a line to say that I will do your commissions with the greatest pleasure. The shops here are truly magnificent. To give you an idea of what they are like I need only say that Juggins's, the drapers in the High Street, Cambridge, is not to be compared with many I have seen here. As for the ladies I don't much care for them,

they all seem such a dressy lot; I can't describe them in any other way. They wear their hair over their ears and their hats tilted over their noses, and, in fact, dear Martha, they look everything they ought not to. Beside these creatures an English lady's apparel naturally sinks into insignificance. You recollect my brown *moiré antique*, the beautiful material that you know I got for 8s. 11d. a yard at a sale, and a remnant into the bargain? Well, last night Mr. Damper actually called it dowdy. He requires a great deal of management, but I need scarcely say that I am quite equal to the occasion.—Your affectionate friend, MATILDA GREENWAY DAMPER.

From Mr. Greenway Damper to Mr. Joseph Comins.

Paris, July 27, 1900.

DEAR JOE,—Mrs. Damper continues to lynch me more than ever. I have tried everything to get a little freedom. I said to myself the other day, "I will take her up to the very top of the Tour Eiffel, perhaps it will make her giddy"; but Mrs. Damper came down smiling and not in the least affected by her perilous ascent.

There remained nothing but the Colonies to be done. Algiers, Tunis, Senegal, and Dahomey are all clustered together near the Trocadero and we have left them to the last. Mrs. Damper, who is evidently getting tired of the whole business, said that she thought these attractions looked dirty and uninteresting, but as I have noticed several establishments where dancing is advertised I was not altogether of this opinion, though naturally I outwardly agreed with her.

"I can do the Colonies one morning when you are resting, dear," I said to Mrs. Damper, but she promptly replied that she was no more in need of rest than I was myself.

However, there came a day when, exhausted by the Swiss village, the big wheel, and a very bad, expensive dinner, Mrs. Damper declared herself beaten. She woke up with a splitting headache, and this was my opportunity to do the Colonies.

I prescribed the strictest quiet and rest for my wife and said that I would just "run round" the places we had not seen, and I promised her faithfully to be back in an hour.

Mrs. Damper did not appear to relish my proposition. "Suppose I get worse?" she murmured feebly.

"There is no fear of that," I answered, I fear with a double meaning. And, my dear old Joe, I am bound to confess that it was with a Judas-like kiss on her forehead I left her to her sufferings.

I first directed my steps to the Tunisian Bazaar, where I bought a bottle of essence of rose with which to appease my wife in case I felt tempted to remain longer than the hour she had accorded me. From the bazaar it was one step to the Tunisian Café, which also included a concert in its attractions. Even at this early hour Arabs were playing weird tunes on strange instruments, and a young lady was executing a *fas seul* in the middle of the café. There is not the least doubt that the young lady was extremely beautiful. You may say

if you like that I am volatile, but believe me it is not the fact. I am, my dear Joe, the same as you recollect me at school—a quiet, respectable fellow—and I hope to remain so to my last hour. I fear that Mrs. Damper entertains other views with regard to me, but you know how cruelly misunderstood many married men are.

To return to the young lady. She directed her steps, which I heard some English idiot describe as "shuffling" whereas they were simply divinely picturesque, in my direction, and curiously enough she seemed to dance for my sole benefit. This, dear old Joe, I could not understand, for to put no fine point on it I'm not an attractive man. Now, am I? Anyhow, I thought her very fascinating as I swallowed my Turkish coffee at one gulp.

Later on the young lady passed round with a plate into which I dropped a franc, and I was rewarded for my generosity by a beaming smile from the beautiful houri. Other dances followed, but this particular dancer seated herself amongst the musicians and was now beating a tambourine with studied indifference varied by gusts of extraordinary violence.

"I have never seen anything so graceful" I thought; and then looking a bit nervously at my watch I discovered that my time was up. With great reluctance I left the café and hurried home.—Sincerely yours, SAMUEL GREENWAY DAMPER.

From the Same to the Same.

Paris, Hôtel Métropole, July 29, 1900.

DEAR JOE,—Mrs. Damper is no better. She declares that she is still feeling frightfully giddy and unable to move. Women always exaggerate their symptoms. You know that, dear old Joe; you've not been married for thirty years for nothing. Now Mrs. Damper is sometimes unnecessarily nasty to me, and when that is the case I become somewhat hard to her. And why not? I do believe in the principle of tit for tat. It is for this reason that it having occurred to me that it is the ascent of the Tour Eiffel that has occasioned all this that I have conceived the idea that I should get her up again if she showed signs of recovering. Of course that is only my chaff, for no husband was ever really fonder of his wife than I am of Mrs. Damper.—Always sincerely yours, SAMUEL GREENWAY DAMPER.

From the Same to the Same.

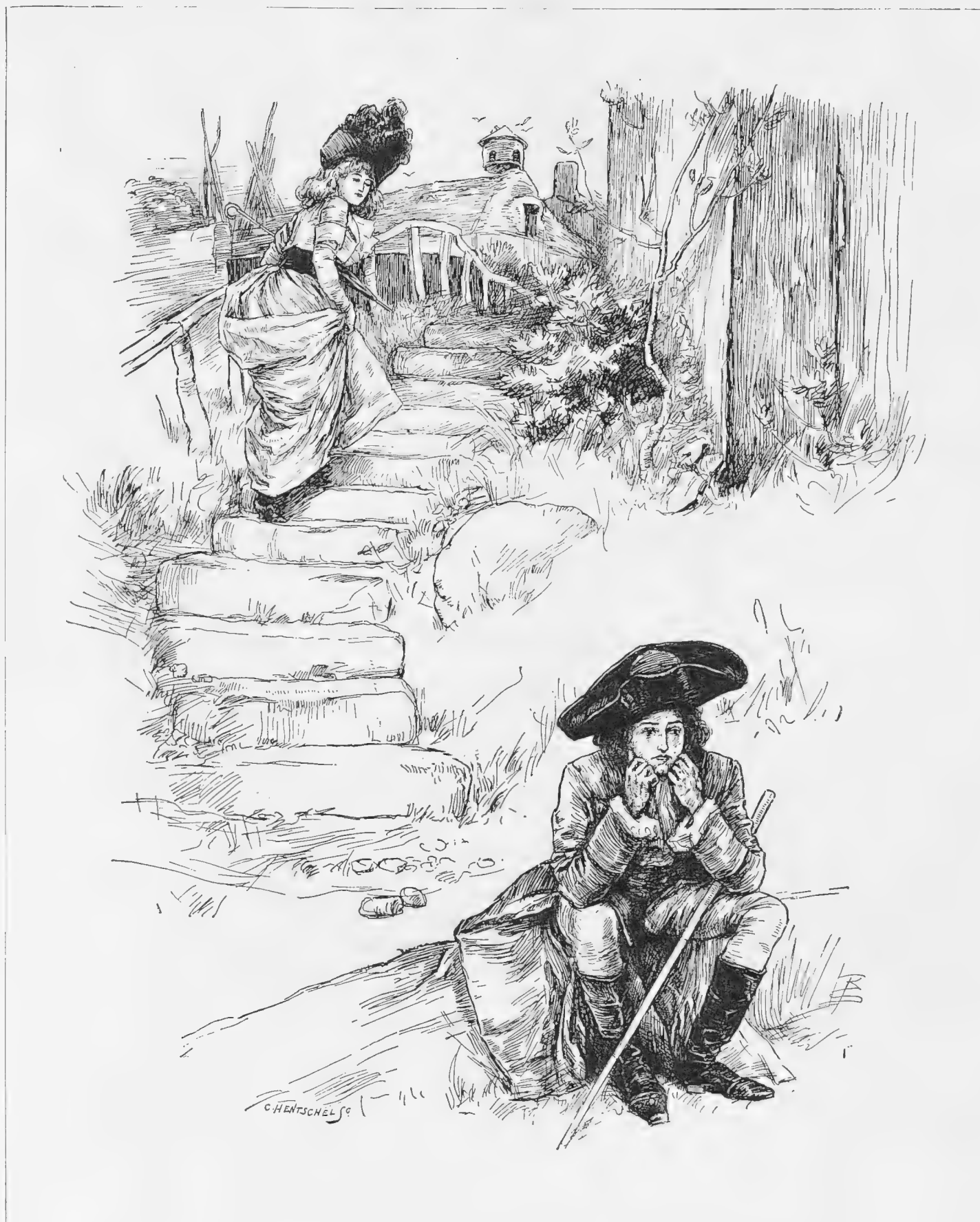
Paris, August 1, 1900.

DEAR JOE,—Mrs. Damper still continues indisposed. I have just returned from the Exhibition and have told her how interested I have been in the war relics of Madagascar and Dahomey. And I added that the only drawback lay in the fact that she was not with me. "I shall go there again this afternoon if you are not better, dear," I concluded, "I have not seen half there is to be seen."

"You had better stay with me, dear," said my wife, "it is no use overtiring yourself."

However I assured her that I was very strong and that it would take a great deal more to knock me up than to roam quietly about an Exhibition. And so I escaped again.

The next day she said that she was no better and felt certain that she was sickening



A TIFF

DRAWN BY R. SAVAGE

When a pair of lovers quarrel,
And in pride and anger part,
Oft with hasty speech unkindly
Wringing each the other's heart;

And with high and haughty footstep
Trips offended maid away,
She will turn her head a moment,
Glancing only—so she'll say—
At the glow of dying day!
Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

When a pair of lovers, weary
Of such comedy of strife—
Meet again, and sue forgiveness,
Vowing harmony of life;

As with soft and tender glances
For one little kiss he'll pray,
She will turn her head a moment,
Coying, feigning shy delay,
Lest he think he's won the day!
Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

for typhoid fever. I reassured her and declared that it was only a bad bilious attack. I told her that Paris cooking did not agree with her, and that perhaps she had better return to London and let me finish the Exhibition by myself.

To this daring suggestion Mrs. Damper simply closed her eyes and said that she was in no humour for joking.

More in a day or two.—Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL GREENWAY DAMPER.

P.S.—Why don't you come over and keep me company?

I regret to say that Mrs. Damper seems to be getting rather tired of the war trophies of Madagascar and Dahomey, and what is more I find that her suspicions are being gradually aroused. The truth is, my dear old Joe, that I have for the last few days been paying hurried and fitful visits to the Exhibition always with the laudable desire of improving my mind, and when I have returned home I feel conscious of having given vague accounts of what I have seen. But it is always the innocent who are suspected. But you might be of very great help to me.—S. G. D.

From Mrs. Greenway Damper, 77B, High Street, Cambridge, to Mrs. Janeway, Acacia Lodge, Orwell, near Cambridge.

August 9, 1900.

DEAREST MARTHA,—I have a terrible story to tell you. But thank heaven I have saved

Greenway. It was a difficult business, but you know what I am. I never falter, and I have the capacity of grasping the situation. And what a situation I had to grasp!

"I hope you haven't been into any of those horrid dancing places," I said to him one day.

"I didn't know there were any," he replied with such obviously artificial innocence that my worst suspicions were confirmed.

"I will follow him to-morrow if it costs me my life," I decided, and follow him I did.

The café had no walls; it was simply a roof supported by Moorish columns, and all round was a large crowd struggling to see what took place without paying for the sight. With true British determination I fought my way through this crowd and took up a post of observation in the very first rank. To my horror I saw Greenway seat himself familiarly at a table very near the orchestra and receive nods and smiles of recognition from all the musicians. An indolent Arab waiter brought him a small cup of coffee and shook hands with him as a form of Oriental hospitality. I nerved myself for the work. It came in time.

A creature dressed in tawdry yellow finery stood up and began to dance, the like of which I hope never to see again. It is quite true that it only lasted for a short time, but it will never be obliterated from my memory. At its conclusion the dancer passed round a plate, and it is my belief, although I will not

say so positively, that Greenway dropped a gold piece into it. He denies that he did so, and during a subsequent explanation he strenuously declared that it was a bright new penny. The collection made, the creature seated herself at Greenway's table and he offered her a cigarette.

Was this a moment for intervention? I decided in the negative and determined that I would await further developments. At last came the culminating point. The dancer having taken a rose from her hair and placed it in his buttonhole inquired of Greenway with childish simplicity if he were married.

"Oh, no," answered Greenway with reckless untruth, "Non, pas si bête." Scarcely had he uttered the words when I stood before him, a living proof of his mendacity.

"Not married," I hissed in serpent-like tone, and then losing all control over my grammar I added, "Then what am I?" The subsequent proceedings were, I fancy, lively and unconventional even for a Tunisian café, but, my dear Martha, I can only say that they ended entirely to my satisfaction.

I need scarcely add that very night we left Paris, and when Mrs. Wenham asked me yesterday what I saw at the French Exhibition I replied, "What did I see? I saw Greenway making an exhibition of himself." I don't think that Mrs. Wenham understood me, but mine was the obvious answer.—Affectionately yours, MATILDA GREENWAY DAMPER.

Our Fourth Double Acrostic Prize Competition.

RULES FOR THIS SERIES

1. The series consists of thirteen double acrostics issued consecutively from July 2. THE TATLER will give to the solver who solves correctly the largest number of these a prize of £5, and two prizes of £3 and £2 respectively to those who solve the next largest number. It must be understood, however, that winners of first prizes in the previous competitions are handicapped one acrostic; winners of two first prizes are disqualified from winning any prize in this competition; winners of two second prizes are disqualified from winning a second or third prize in this competition, but can try for the first prize.

2. The uprights of the acrostics must be guessed exactly and no alternatives can be accepted. For the lights or cross-bars alternative guesses may be sent, but they must fit the light exactly. Not more than two words may be sent for each light.

Double Acrostic No. 3 (Fourth Series)

Full on the level pitch he hurls the ball.
The balls they fly. "Out" is the umpire's call.

1. Drawn at a venture caused a King to die,
Drawn at an apple makes fine poetry.
2. Reserved I'm blue—the deepest blue I know,
I come from Ind and eke from Ind I go.
3. Reverse a loathsome bird. Not even then
This carrion-eater can be liked by men.
4. A German "Charles his friend," also "the Great,"
Reverse him and the light's appropriate.
5. A mighty river from Bohemian hills
Flows to the north fed by a thousand rills.
6. By this trees hold the ground. It is as well
A Yankee statesman. As they say, "Do tell."

3. It must be understood that the Acrostic Editor's decision is final in all cases, and that no correspondence can be entered into on any subject.

4. If two or more solvers "tie" in the competition special extra acrostics may be given for the guessing off of the "tie," or the prize may be divided among the "tied" solvers.

5. Answers must be delivered (addressed to "The Acrostic Editor, THE TATLER, Great New Street, London, E.C.") not later than first post on the second Monday following the date of issue, i.e., answers to the third acrostic (dated July 16) must be delivered not later than first post on Monday, July 28.

6. Solutions should be signed by a pseudonym of not more than twelve letters. "Made-up" names are the best. Female diminutives like "May" or "Mab" are objected to as leading to confusion. The real name and address must also be sent in. All names and solutions must be written most distinctly, print letters being preferred. If the Acrostic Editor cannot read the solutions they will be disqualified. No exceptions can be made to the rules.

7. The pseudonym should be printed in large letters on the top of the page. Only one answer can be allowed on one sheet, and the sheets should be halves of note paper.

Solution of Double Acrostic No. 13 (Third Series)

- | | | |
|------|---|-----|
| 1. O | | C |
| 2. X | I | (A) |
| 3. F | O | A |
| 4. O | R | E |
| 5. R | O | V |
| 6. D | E | L |
| 7. A | N | D |
| 8. N | I | B |
| 9. D | U | K |

1. Langue d'Oc. 2. Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London*. Names from which A has to be deducted cannot be accepted. 4. Judges vii. 8. The Nibelung Hoard. 9. Derived from "Dux," a leader: Mr. Duke of the American Tobacco Trust. Retail tobaccoists cannot be accepted as they are "small."

Correct solutions to No. XIII. have been received from—Aylwards, Alex, Ancesmur, Bhong, Bamloc, Bumbo, Blinko, Barum, Berth, Cardo, Cheshire-cat, Chums, Derry, Danesfort, Droffas, Eel, Essendon, Evergreen, Elfin, Flora, Games, Guesseright, Golo, Grappler, Heckle, Ivyleaves, Jako, Ko, Kispig, Laggan, Lamp-lighter, Lucander, Lambro, Lethe, Martinsnest, Micat, Mummer, Noorie, Nibs, Oubit, Piebald, Pingpong, Ronin, Rustica, Robin, Shirley, Seagull, Smarg, Spero, Steuma, Tatlera, Tyne, Usher, United, Wink Westwater, Yoicks, Yellow, Yoko, Zyx.

The following have guessed the thirteen acrostics correctly—Bhong, Bamloc, Chums, Derry, Grappler, Lethe, Nibs, Ronin, Rustica, Tatlera.

For them only the following special acrostic is set. Answers must be sent in not later than first post on Monday, July 28, and no alternatives will be allowed. Marks may be given, however, for partial success. Explanations must be given.

Special Double Acrostic (Third Series)

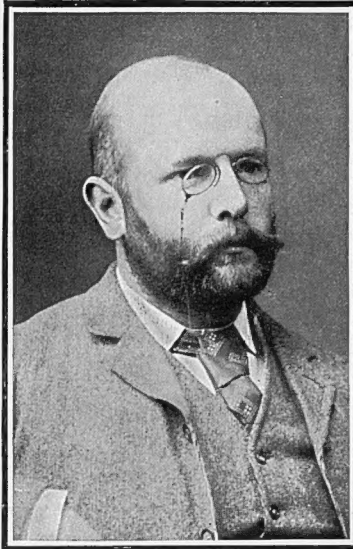
Where'er the gunners trundle guns around
This goes with them, a world-embracing sound

1. Take right uprights of one-third now bereft,
And to complete it please reverse what's left.
2. He led the Tartar host the Danube o'er,
And lowered the price of herrings on this shore.
3. On the Nerbudda and the Vindya hills
This name a small but wealthy principedom fills.

"Aylwards" is informed that Owhyhee (Hawaii) was annexed by the United States a few years back, while Orabette (Tahiti) belongs to France. "Jako" is informed that "old name" is not the same as "old spelling" in No. 11. The Acrostic Editor informs "Ferret," and particularly requests all solvers to notice it, that no correction or solution can be received after the date appointed for the solution to be sent in. "Spero" and "Enraw" are informed that no "great barbarian empire" was styled Asia Minor.

JOTTINGS OF A JOURNALIST. By C. K. S.

I very much regret to record the death of Mr. Robert W. Lowe, the author of the *Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature*, a work that has long been a prized possession on my shelves, and the editor of Dr. Doran's *Annals of the Stage* and Cibber's *Apology* for Mr. Nimmo. He and Mr. Joseph Knight, who is happily still among us, were companions in an exceptionally wide knowledge of the history of the stage. Whereas Mr. Knight finds time, in addition to editing *Notes and Queries*, to write admirable dramatic criticism and to be seen constantly in the social crowd, where his picturesque figure is always an acquisition, Mr. Lowe seemed to bury himself permanently in a London suburb, and was only available to friends who visited him there. I well recall a delightful evening spent among his books. Mr. Lowe was an old Edinburgh friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. William Archer.



THE LATE MR. R. W. LOWE

Those whose good fortune it might have been to see the Abbey on coronation day, and look down upon a spectacle undoubtedly one of the most splendid in the history of the modern world, are anxious to learn what is to happen in the near future as to their seats. It is exceedingly probable that the same tickets will do duty and that a circular will come from the Earl Marshal's office to that effect. Meanwhile in the gallery devoted to the journalists the following notice was posted:—

REMEMBER

The sacred building in which you work.

That the Abbey is the heritage of every one of you as Englishmen.

Therefore you are earnestly asked to be reverent in your demeanour and careful of the fabric and monuments.

If there is any one of you to whom these considerations do not appeal please respect the feelings of your companions.—ESHER.

One cannot help suspecting that this was inspired by reminiscences of what occurred at Cowes at the time of the late Queen's death, when certain correspondents are said to have been too noisy.

I learn from Mr. George F. Parker, who is the London representative of the World's Fair to be held at St. Louis next year, that there is one interesting literary feature attached to that exhibition. This is to be the reproduction of the houses of two or three of the greatest English and Scots writers. These are to be set up in a form so permanent that they may be retained in Forest Park, St. Louis, long after the less stable portion of the World's Fair has done its duty and disappeared. One of the houses proposed is that of Burns at Ayr, but I have no doubt whatever that if the houses are represented which have moved the largest number of people with genuine interest, Milton Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, the Haworth rectory where the Brontë children lived, the Cowper house at Olney where that poet kept his hares, the Johnson house at Lichfield, and Dove Cottage, Grasmere, rank next in order of interest.

Two other houses of famous Scotsmen besides Burns, of course, appeal to all of us—Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and the Carlyle House at Chelsea; but the associations of both these houses seem to me to be a little too melancholy. Mr. Parker, however, appears to make most appeal to Scotsmen; he evidently thinks they are more ready than Englishmen to do justice to their heroes, and he specifically appeals to sons of Scotland at home and abroad for gifts of money and relics to help to carry out this idea at St. Louis. In this connection I may mention that a well-known English newspaper proprietor was very anxious to reproduce Shakspeare's house at Stratford at the World's Fair, Chicago, but the authorities would not consent.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is adding an interesting book to a particular type of literature, that type which includes popular delusions, popular impostures, and so on—the kind of thing of which Mr. Walter Thornbury, Mr. John Timbs, and other writers of a former generation made fascinating books. Mr. O'Connor has taken the great Humbert frauds and told the life of Madame Humbert as he has pieced it together from information received and from a great number of newspapers. Mr. O'Connor, indeed, has collated the material in hundreds of newspaper articles in various languages, and thus made himself intimately acquainted with Madame Humbert's household affairs, her financial dealings, and all the particulars of her life. He will thus make the whole method and practice of the most extraordinary swindle of modern times perfectly clear to those who wish to understand

it. I am one of those, I must confess, who do not understand how so many prominent and clear-headed people could have been imposed upon. Mr. O'Connor's little book promises to make it clear to me. It will be published in a few days by Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol, who will, I doubt not, reap the same immense popular success for it that he secured for *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Called Back*.

Mr. Loder of Woodbridge, who was a friend of Edward FitzGerald, sends me the following quotation from Hazlitt's essay "On Reading old Books," and thinks it should make a capital motto for this paper:—

The Spectator I liked extremely, but the *Tatler* took my fancy most.

Of course it would.

I spent a very pleasant evening at the Earl's Court Exhibition a few nights ago, and I may say that the "side shows" are far more exciting than I have ever known them before; indeed, they cost me a quite tragic number of shillings and sixpences, being a shy journalist and not prepared to go in "on my face" as I am told that some of my brothers of the craft enter most of the entertainments in London. In any case the experience brought me pleasant illusions and I almost felt that I was actually in the gay city that I love so much. The Palais du Costume has been over-written about, but it is certainly well worth a visit. The Palais des Illusions I saw at the Paris Exhibition, but it is impossible too highly to commend the enterprise which has given us the Jardin de Paris Theatre. It is really a very pretty building with a dainty stage, and the whole performance has a very pleasant suggestion of what one may see at any time in the Champs Elysée. The comic pantomimic sketch was particularly delightful, and the acting and dancing of Mdle. Lisette Beranger, Mdle. Minty, and the two troupes known as the Nina Lewelin and the Famille Pérès had all that dainty picturesqueness which we associate with the Parisian out-of-door music-hall.

Then I visited the Indian jugglers, who are really quite wonderful. To see a parrot charge a gun and fire it, work a spinning top, and do many other eccentric things "is alone worth the sixpence" as the advertisements would say. And then there are wolves, tigers, and performing monkeys. This is, indeed, a splendid entertainment, particularly for the children. I was not, perhaps, much impressed by the Bastille, for the tableaux therein have very little to do with that grim institution which historians have long since taught us was not so black as it was painted. At the time the Bastille was destroyed there were really no horrors associated with it. However, man's inhumanity to man is exceedingly well exhibited in the series of tableaux, every one of which, doubtless, represents an actual incident in the history of human strife. Finally, I went to a Moorish and Oriental concert, and even then I by no means exhausted the various attractions of "Paris in London."

MY LADY'S MIRROR

E CAMPBELL

An Important Event.—The season has certainly had its brilliant spots notwithstanding the fact that weather and circumstances have made havoc of it more or less, and one of these notable occasions was the bazaar at the Botanic Gardens. Dress on the opening afternoon was truly wonderful, and people were in the lightest attire (with the prudent addition in a few cases of a smart race coat or cloak) despite the fact that the day was quite autumnal, and the wind tore at the canvas awning above the stalls as though it would bring it down, and denuded the swinging electric lights of half their burners. There was quite a little army of royalties with her Majesty who looked charming and gracious in mauve with a cream front and a mauve flower toque. Princess Charles of Denmark looked particularly nice in pink and white with an ostrich feather boa, as did Princess Victoria in grey, while the Connaught sisters, Princesses Margaret and Patricia, were very sweet and girlish in their simple frocks of pale greenish blue voile and white toques. Quite one of the attractions of the afternoon was the tiny Baroness Clifton, a chubby, fair-haired baby of two and a half years old with big dark eyes, in a little white frock and satin bonnet, who presented the Queen with the handsome souvenir prepared by Mr. Richard Speaight. The presentation took place in the beautiful reception-room, Messrs. Warings' gift to the bazaar, an appropriate offering from a firm so largely patronised by royalty and the fashionable world in general. The tiny baroness appeared, however, later on at the stall with her mother, Mrs. Leveson—who wore white with a pink sash and a large black hat—and occupied the place of honour when the Queen went by. Among the other small vendors was Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the Duchess of Sutherland's little daughter, a dainty little figure in white muslin over pink silk and a white hat.

Some of the Sellers.—Princess Henry of Pless—very busy with her china stall—was in white and pink, and there were a number of other white costumes, including that of Baroness von Eckhardstein, which I thought as pretty as any there, viz., a white taffetas coat and skirt generously trimmed with Irish crochet

fait grande dame in reseda voile with an accordion-pleated cape to match, and the two Miss Vivians were as much admired as anyone in deep cream voile dresses exactly alike with big black tulle ruffles and black hats with yellow roses. As regards a few of the others, Mrs. Choate was in apricot mousseline de soie, Lady Mayo in cream voile, Lady Sarah Wilson in pale blue muslin, and the Marchioness of Tweeddale in blue silk veiled with black. The most noticeable features were, I think, the ubiquity of the black picture hat, repeated over and over again and always with good effect, and the extraordinary popularity of Irish crochet lace which adorned I should not like to say how many gowns.

Cowes Prospects.—Everyone is looking forward to Cowes already, and our frocks for the all-important week are agitating us every whit as much as those for Ascot did a little while ago. Any place more delightful than the quaint little island town—at other times so sleepy, and I am bound to say so "deadly dull"—during that one short week, with its miniature bay, which sometimes looks as blue as the Mediterranean, crowded with yachts like flocks of great white birds, it would be difficult to find, and to our jaded London-ried nerves the change seems heavenly. People do not *all* affect a "nautical" style of dress by any means, but the smartest gowns are in my estimation those which are the most workmanlike. I have seen some charming models in linen and serge at



TWO SMART COSTUMES FOR COWES WEEK

- (1) Of pale blue alpaca strapped with navy and pale blue spotted taffetas, sleevelets and vest of point d'esprit and guipure. Hat of Tuscan straw and black velvet.
 (2) Cream cloth, trimmed with cream filet lace, straps of cream taffetas piped and stitched with pale green silk. Hat of cream straw veiled with lace and trimmed with pink roses

lace and a soft blouse of chiffon and lace. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a gown of embroidered beige chiffon, and a black hat. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, who was in white, had donned a black coat in deference to the chilly weather. Lady Bective looked picturesque and *tout à*

Ernest's, 185, Regent Street, and in fact no one better understands exactly what a Cowes gown really should be like than does Mr. Ernest nor what will suit you best. Which reminds me that he is holding a sale at present, the first for five years of the French models from the Paris branch of his establishment.

Great Bargains.—The race coats and evening dresses are marvels of cheapness, one of the prettiest among the former being of pastel-pink cloth piped with black; not black silk, *bien entendu*, but cloth, which is so much smarter, and having the collar and front of ivory silk with a thick raised embroidery, the back arranged in deep pleats from the curiously scalloped yoke. The sleeves were quite new and original, being gathered into the shoulder with a piped heading. There was another coat which was charming, carried out in "old ivory" faced cloth stitched with pale blue silk, and strapped with bébé ivory satin ribbon. There were evening dresses and day dresses too, and you might well pick up one which would be suitable for Cowes; only my advice is, if you lose your chance of obtaining a model exactly suited to the occasion, let Mr. Ernest make one for you in white or dark serge and get his opinion on the trimming. He is quite a genius in the matter and a colour artist as well.

Trimnings.—A point which has struck me very much lately is the constant use of embroidered cambric as a trimming on the smartest French gowns. I saw a blue and white spotted foulard very prettily treated the other day with a series of "frogs" and tassels of an "old lace" shade of embroidered cambric arranged military fashion down the front. Foulard is not nearly so popular as it was last year, but the occasional frocks one sees of this material are wonderfully smart and often introduce several other materials. For instance, the one of which I was speaking had a full gathered front of old rose glacé silk with ceinture of the same and those cunning little touches of black velvet which the French *couturière* knows how to introduce so cleverly.

A Word of Advice.—My advice to any of my friends who are going to the sea has been during the past week, "Don't take a pair of curling irons." I have done it often myself—but never again! Ten minutes spent in the gentle art of being *bien coiffée* and, hey presto! an apparently harmless little moist sea breeze, full of salt and ozone and as fresh and clean as a journey over the bounding ocean can make it, takes every scrap of fictitious curl out of one's hair and lays the fringe flat and limp on one's forehead. The simple way out of the difficulty which most people have accepted nowadays is to invest in a fringe or transformation on which even a damp sea mist is powerless. Dubosch and Gillingham of 285, Regent Street, have them in all descriptions, and you can rely upon them for an effect altogether natural. You can have the whole transformation as

shown in the sketch, which, in my opinion, every woman should possess for evening wear and for such time as she wishes to appear *en grande tenue*, and dressed in whatever style you prefer, or you can have the fringe separately from £2 2s., not necessarily with a shower of curls but with the side or centre parting if most becoming to your face, or, as in the larger of the two sketches, brushed softly away from the forehead with alluring little *boucles* round the temples and a gentle wave on the head. If you have never been further than the door of 285, Regent Street, you really ought to avail yourself of the very next opportunity of penetrating to the interior and seeing for yourself. It would be distinctly worth your while, for Dubosch and Gillingham never send their clients away without giving each that individual and close attention which a woman has a right to expect and which means everything to her.

Treatment of the Hair.—In ordinary treatment of the hair it is the same thing. To say they are hair specialists of the very first order is only common justice, for they have gained as big a reputation as it is

becoming at once. If your hair is naturally curly you will not require a fringe at all with this, and they are so cheap—21s.—or provided you only care to have the three-quarter size, 15s. Hair colouring is another speciality at 285, Regent Street, and they do it wonderfully, which is an important point as many women's hair turns grey simply through the effect of neuralgia or kindred ills.

Authorities on Furnishing.—Most people will be interested to learn that Hewetson of 212, Tottenham Court Road, have just issued a new catalogue of furniture which they can procure post free on application. It is quite an education in itself to go through one of this firm's catalogues, one learns so much about the various styles of furniture, and everyone wishes to be a connoisseur on the subject nowadays, while for those who are engaged in the work of furnishing without any very definite ideas on the subject the book is an immense help. The prices are attached to nearly all the illustrations, and in spite of the fact that you can get everything at Hewetson's—excepting what is ugly and inartistic—and everything, *bien entendu*, is the best of its kind, the prices are so fair and reasonable that there is every temptation to make one's purchases there. Lovers of the antique will be charmed, too, in looking through the book with the illustrations of quaint inglenooks, corner fittings, panelled walls, and old English, Chippendale, Sheraton, and eighteenth century furniture, as well as original designs in modern furniture and suites for bed and reception rooms. You

have only to send a card and the book will, I know, be forwarded to you at once.

DELAMIRA.

For rules concerning correspondence, see previous issues.

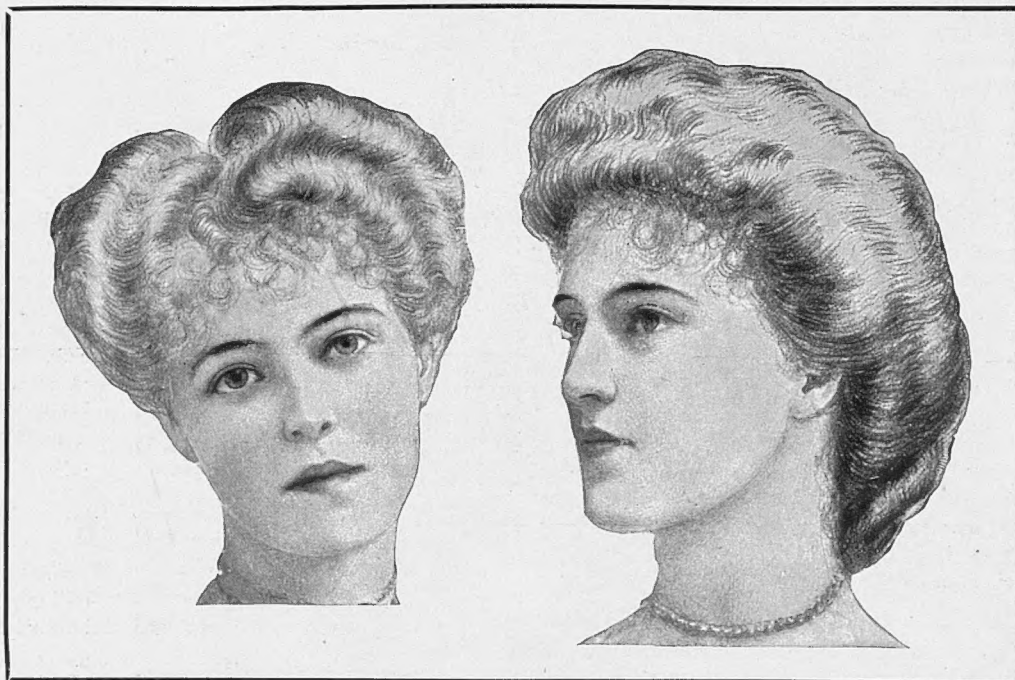
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MABEL.—Yes; I remember you very well indeed. I can quite understand the doctor suggesting Margate for your little boy, so many do now, and the air is magnificent and life-giving. Go to the Margate Cliftonville Hotel; it is beautifully situated on the cliffs and the grounds are very large. The attendance is capital and so is the cuisine; you cannot do better.

CONSTANT WORRY.—Your pseudonym certainly does not do you justice. I was delighted to get your kind letter. Nelise's address is 76, Wigmore Street. If you write to her and describe what you want I know she will send you a couple of hats which will give you entire satisfaction. She is full of ideas and her hats are so smart, besides which her prices are most reasonable. Yes; fruit is still being worn a great deal.

MOTHER.—R. W. Forsyth of Renfield Street, Glasgow, would tell you what you want to know on the subject, and if you mention your boy's age and height would supply you with the little Scotch suit for the bazaar. He will tell you the correct tartan to use. You may fully rely upon him as he thoroughly understands the subject.

E. N.—No; I do not advise it. Try the green linen and write to me again.



ARTISTIC TRANSFORMATIONS AT DUBOSCH AND GILLINGHAM'S

possible to have; and I have never known a case where a client was in trouble about the condition of the hair or scalp in which the very best results have not accrued from a consultation with the "powers that might be" at this house. The secret is, I suppose, that Dubosch and Gillingham rarely treat two people alike. It is *your* hair that they set to work to improve when you consult them and yours alone, and provided the treatment is not efficacious they are quite willing to return you your money. The point is, however, that it always *is* efficacious for the simple reason that it is treated by real experts who have studied the subject from every point of view and who are enthusiasts as well as authorities on all that concerns the hair. They have a wonderful liquid skin food for the scalp, too, which you should ask them about when you go, and at the same time I should like you to see the all-round natural hair frames for producing that soft *bouffant* appearance; they are made entirely of natural wavy hair, so that however thin yours may be on the temples you have only to draw it lightly over the frame and the effect is soft, full, and

GOLF AND GOLFERS. By Garden G. Smith.

In the *Outlook* Mr. W. L. Watson has an amusing skit on "Next Century Golf," inspired by the advent of the new American rubber-filled balls. Mr. Watson clearly adopts the "Whatever are we a-comin' to?" attitude in regard to the newcomers, and pictures a golf match in the next century between the English and American champions over a course of thirty-six holes from London to John o' Groats by the west coast and back by the east.

The first hole is at Oxford and the players' first drives lie at Harrow and Wembley respectively. The balls are propelled by clubs charged with nitro-glycerine, which explodes on concussion. Wireless telegraphy, spectrographs, and aerial motors are all pressed into the service of the game, which ends at Edinburgh on the homeward journey in favour of the American champion. The whole party—players and spectators—after inspecting with no little amusement the Haskell ball and other antiquated implements in the local museum return to London by mono-rail in time for dinner.

All this is very excellent fooling, but seriously, while we do not think that the game is in any immediate danger from the rubber-filled balls, there must be a point beyond which any advance in the distance to which a ball could be driven would spoil the game by making it impossible.

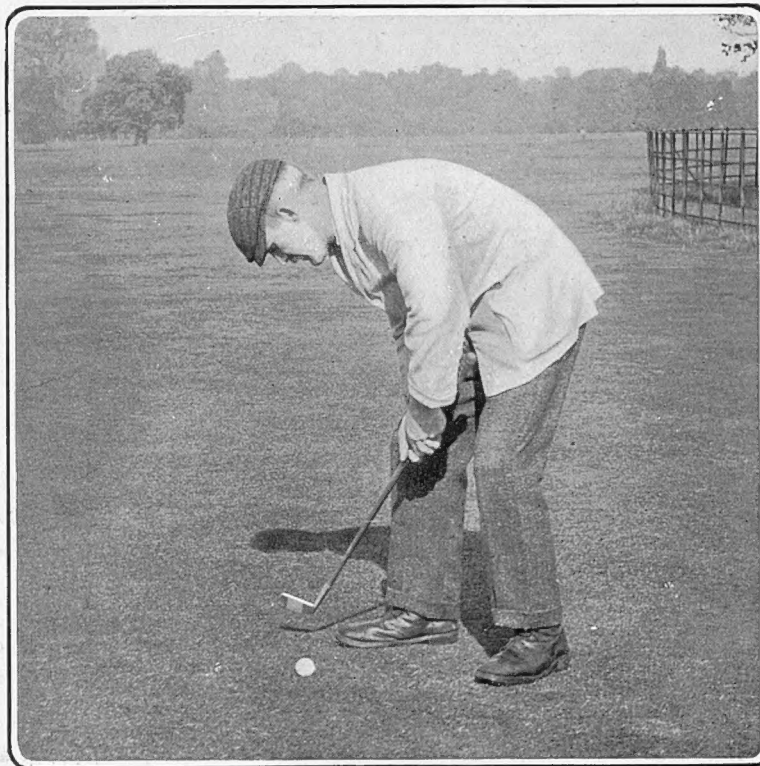
Apart from the necessarily restricted area in which golf must be played there would be no pleasure in hitting a ball with such force that, as happened to the arrow in the song, "the eye could not follow it in its flight." What that speed would be and the distance to which it would fly we leave mathematicians to calculate, but it may be presumed that it would go at least three times as far and three times as fast as it does at present.

It may safely be said, at any rate, that the very outside limit of distance which would give any pleasure to the player would be about 400 yards, and for this courses would have to be very materially altered before the game could be played. Holes would have to be made at least twice as long as they are at present, and the very largest areas now used as golf courses could not hold more than nine holes.

This would also have the serious disadvantage of cutting down the number of players who could play on a course at a given time to about a half, and it is clear that if a ball or a club, or a combination of both, ever makes drives of 400 yards or thereby possible something will have to be done. In the meantime, however, there is no reason why the souls of golfers should be disquieted within them.

The Kempshall ball scored its first victory in this country at the recent open tournament at Hanger Hill, in which Mr. B. Schofield returned the best net score of 78 in the qualifying stage. Although Mr. Schofield was in receipt of six strokes his actual score of 84 was a fine performance over this course, which in point of length and difficulty yields to none in the neighbourhood of London. Mr. Schofield played throughout with a Kempshall ball.

This tournament was most successful and enjoyable. There was an entry of eighty players and all were loud in the praises of the beauty and excellence of the course. Hanger Hill with its luxurious clubhouse, its beautiful grounds, and charming views, is more akin to the country clubs which are so popular in America than any other club in this country. Its easy accessibility from London is a great point in its favour.



J. H. TAYLOR PUTTING

The *Referee* in its account of the tournament said that the *Scotch* prize was tied for by Messrs. Ransome and Lunnon. This reminds one of Mr. Dooley's reply when Hennessey asked him why the best players at golf were called scratch. "Oh," said Mr. Dooley with a wave of the hand, "it's a *Scotch* game."

There are signs at last of some activity in the way of professional tournaments and matches. The champion, Herd, is going on tour in Scotland and several tournaments are arranged in which he and the other cracks will take part. It is curious that the English clubs are doing nothing in the way of promoting tournaments, but they showed the same apathy last year when Braid won the championship. Is the centre of golfing gravity going back to Scotland now that her sons are reasserting their ancient supremacy?

Ping-pong is having the same kind of success in America as it had here, but neither here nor there are there any signs of it proving a serious rival to any existing game. An American poet has been inspired to the following effect:—

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the challenge cup
If ping with pong combine.
The craze that in my soul doth rise
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the rôle of pinger up
If thou'lt be pongress mine.

The holding of open amateur tournaments is most laudable, producing much good golf and good fellowship, but it would be well if the promoters were careful only to receive entries from those whose club handicaps are a guarantee of a fair amount of proficiency. It is surely better to have a small entry of players who can play the game without hindering other people than to have a crowd largely composed of 15 and 18 handicap men whose painful efforts and slowness exasperate all the field behind them.

The chief effect of throwing open these competitions to all and sundry is to deter scratch players from entering and perhaps joining the club, which gets the unenviable reputation of being a duffers' club. No player who is rated at more than 12 handicap should be allowed to play in a handicap competition against scratch and plus players. This rule is almost invariable in club competitions, and what has been found to be advantageous in ordinary club contests can hardly be less so in an open competition.

J. H. Taylor, whose book, *J. Taylor on Golf*, is having a great success, is shown in our illustration this week engaged in the act of putting. On his day Taylor is one of the deadliest putters, and he puts as much determination and concentration into the shortest putts as into the longest drives.

The final of the parliamentary tournament was fought out at Mitcham on Wednesday last between two Scotsmen sitting for English constituencies—Mr. H. Crawford Smith, the member for the Tyneside division of Northumberland, and Mr. William Younger, who sits for Stamford. After being two down at the end of the first round Mr. Crawford Smith gained the lead at the seventh hole in the second round, but thereafter Mr. Younger playing a strong game went away again and won by three up and one to play.

The great hundred-a-side match between two leading Scottish clubs—the Edinburgh Burgess and the Mortonhall—appears to have become an annual event. The Mortonhall players inflicted a severe defeat on the Burgess.